The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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The next (October) issue of* THE BOOKMAN *will be a* SPECIAL BRONTË DOUBLE NUMBER, *price 1s. net. Orders should be placed at once, as the last similar issue of* THE BOOKMAN *was completely out of print within a few days of publication.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers, in our special Samuel Taylor Coleridge number, a unique collection of pictures connected with the life and work of the poet, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Mr. William Heinemann for illustrations from "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge"; to the Rev. Canon Rawnsley and Messrs. James Maclehose and Son for permission to reproduce two of the pictures appearing in "Literary Associations of the English Lakes"; to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for drawings by Patten Wilson; to Messrs. Gay and Bird for a drawing by Herbert Cole from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"; to Mr. William Heinemann for a sketch by Max Beerbohm from "The Poets' Corner"; to Mr. Arthur C. Cooke for courteously allowing us to include his painting "Christabel"; to Mr. Henry J. Stock, R.I., for permission to reproduce "Kubla Khan"; and to Mr. Ernest Elliot Stock for kind interest and assistance.

We understand that the veteran artist, Mr. Holman Hunt, is engaged upon a great work dealing with the Pre-Raphaelite Movement in Art.

"Kate of Kate Hall" is the title of Mrs. Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin's new novel, which is to be issued shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. The book, which is a love story with a strong plot, has been written by Mrs. Felkin in collaboration with her husband.

Mrs. Cale Young Rice has delivered to the publishers the complete MS. of her new novel. The title is at present a secret, but it may be said the story is considerably longer than "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," and that the book will be issued as a 6s. novel in America and England, probably in the early spring.

Mr. A. G. Hales is busily engaged on a new work which will describe his experiences in Japan and Russia. It will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Mr. Charles Garvice.

The scene of Mr. Hichens' new novel, "The Garden of Allah," will, it is said, be laid in the Desert of Sahara. Mr. Hichens certainly delights in the unexpected.

We learn that, before his death, Mr. G. F. Watts made all arrangements with regard to any authorised Biography.

Mr. Stewart Edward White's new novel, "The Silent Places," which has during the last few months been

among the best selling books in all parts of the United States and Canada, will be issued in England in a few weeks by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. Stewart Edward White has collected a number of his shorter stories, which will also be issued in the near future under the general title of "Blazed Trail Stories."

With the publication of "Lindley Kays" we have from Mr. Barry Pain the book which the critics have so long demanded from him, the complete serious novel of real life. Mr. Pain's previous novel, "The Octave of Claudius," was rather on the fantastic side, and the plot was accused of impossibility. Mr. Pain is compiling and editing another book which is calculated to add a new terror to life. It is to be called "The Black Birthday Book," and contains uncomplimentary quotations for each day of the year. People who are wanting in a sense of humour should not be asked to enter their names in it.

Mr. Marriott Watson is engaged on a novel of modern life. It will be a comedy somewhat in the vein of "The Skirts of Happy Chance."

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's new book, "The Affair at the Inn," which she has written in conjunction with three of her friends, tells the story of an Automobile courtship during an American girl's summer in England.

Mr. Henry James sailed for America on the 24th ult., and his agent, Mr. Pinker, is to follow him next month in order to make the business arrangements for the literary enterprises which Mr. James has in contemplation. It is probable that while they are in America arrangements will be made for a collected edition of Mr. James's works.

"The Face Behind the Door," by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, a companion booklet to his wonderfully successful "God and the Ant" and "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," will be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Laurence Housman's new novel, "Sabrina Warham," will be published in a few days both here and in America. It will be followed later in the year by a book of fairy tales, which will be illustrated by the author. Miss Clemence Housman has engraved her brother's drawings for the book.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue early this autumn the second volume of the Art and Life Library, so successfully inaugurated with "The British Home of To-Day," which is now completely out of print. The title of the new issue is "The Gospels in Art, the Life of Christ by Great Painters from Fra Angelico to Holman Hunt;" and the volume will contain 280 pages of text and illustrations, six photogravure plates, twenty-eight colour monochromes, and over 200 half-tone engravings. The editor is Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow, and the text has been contributed by Monsieur Léonce Bénédite of the Luxemburg, Professor Henry Van Dyke, the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and Dr. R. F. Horton. "The Gospels in Art" will be published in the popular form at 5s. net, and there will be other editions at 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., and a limited edition at £1 1s.

Arrangements have been made for an English translation of M. Frédéric Loliée's "History of Comparative Literature from the Earliest Times to the Twentieth Century," a work which has in a few months run through several editions in France.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's story of child-life in "The Closed Room," will appear serially in the *Woman at Home*, commencing with the October issue. This is the first story of the kind Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has written for ten years.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the well-known traveller and author, has just completed the fourth volume of his great "History of the German Struggle for Liberty."

Photo by the Australian Photo Studio, Worronora, Dresden.

Jerome K. Jerome.

Mr. Jerome's new book, "Tommy and Co.," of which a review appears in this number, has just been issued by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Messrs. Newnes have in preparation, for serial and book appearance, a new novel by Mr. Edwin Pugh, entitled "The Spoilers."

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's new novel, "John Chilcote, M.P.," will be produced very shortly in this country by Messrs. Blackwood, and in the United States—where its serial title, "The Masquerader," will be maintained—by Messrs. Harper. Mrs. Thurston is now at work upon a new novel portraying the fortunes of the daughter of an old Irish house with strong sporting proclivities. A long short-story by the same author, telling of the rise and fall of a new sect called "The Mystics," will shortly appear in England and America.

Messrs. Methuen will issue about the end of this month Mr. George H. Lorimer's sequel to "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." The book is assured of a great sale on both sides of the Atlantic.

Miss Betham Edwards is concluding a substantial volume, the title of which will probably be "Our French Friends at Home."

A new volume of "Underground History," by Mr. Allen Upward, will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in this country, and Messrs. Putnam in the United States.

"The Soldier of the Valley," the story by Nelson Lloyd which has been appearing serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, will be issued in this country and the Colonies by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It will be profusely illustrated.

The career of Mr. Charles Garvice, whose portrait we give this month, is singular in this respect, that, though he is an Englishman and resides in England, his books have been until recently more popular in America than in the country of his birth; but they are getting better known here every year, and some of them are in the fifth edition, notably "Just a Girl," and "In Cupid's Chains," which we reviewed recently. To hear Mr. Garvice talk of the ways of American publishers is to receive a liberal education in literary piracy. For some years before the passing of the International Copyright Act, he, like most authors with a public in the United States, sent over advance sheets, in his case to his publisher, Mr. George Munro, for publication in one of his journals. A rival, one of the well-known pirates, waited until half the story had appeared, then got a hack to finish the novel, and produced the volume before the genuine story was finished in Munro's paper. Some six or seven publishers in the States are issuing Mr. Garvice's non-copyright novels, and the bookstalls and stores are flooded with the various editions. When in doubt as to the authorship

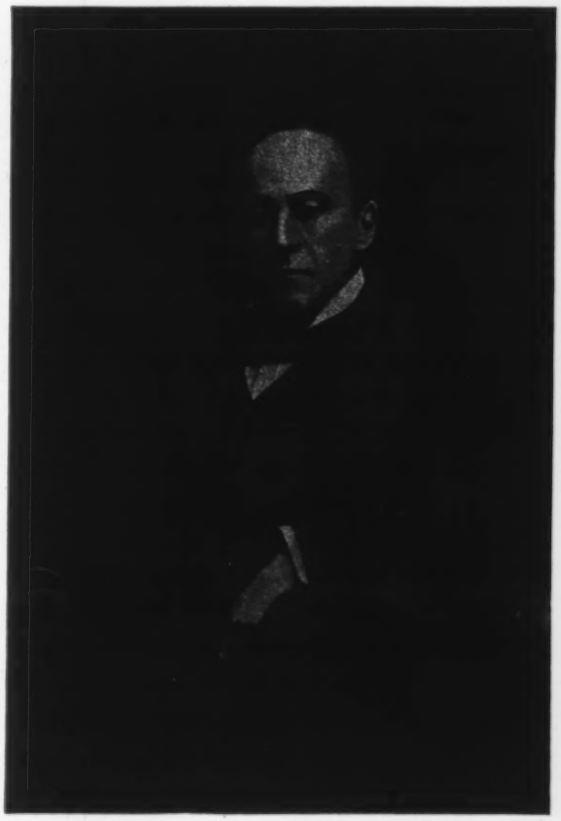

Photo by Russell and Sons.

A Recent Portrait of Anthony Hope.

Whose new novel, "Double Harness," is reviewed in this number.

of a novel the enterprising pirate sticks Mr. Garvice's name to it, and sells it as his until the law is set in motion. One publishing house has just conceived and carried out the ingenious idea of calling a series "The Charles Garvice Series," and when called to account by Mr. Garvice's attorney, who pointed out that some of the volumes were not even written by Mr. Garvice, remarked that he had intended paying the well-known author a compliment, and that he ought to be gratified rather than aggrieved. The Authors' Society have this peculiar and interesting case in hand.

Mr. Garvice has built a house for himself in one of the remotest, highest and most exquisite parts of North Devon, on the edge of Dartmoor, and nine miles from a railway station. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. have just made arrangements for the English publication of Mr. Garvice's novels, and announce "Love Decides" for this autumn.

The famous firm of George Barrie and Sons, of Philadelphia, so well-known in connection with their Editions de Luxe, are issuing immediately a History of North America on the most sumptuous scale, under the editorship of Professor Guy Carleton Lee, who is assisted by an editorial board of fifty experts and a very large number of advisers. The work will run to twenty volumes, and will be illustrated in the most luxurious manner. Arrangements are being made to issue an edition of the History in England.

Photo by Russell and Sons. **Mr. Walter Emanuel.**
Author of "The Snob," a notice of which appears in another column.

Messrs. Bensusan and Forrest's large colour-book on Morocco will appear very shortly from the press of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

An essay by Miss Agnes Repplier, entitled "The Perils of Immortality," will appear in the September number of *Harper's Magazine*. The article deals with some literary figures who have gained immortality merely through having given cause of annoyance to some of the really great.

"Robert Burns," the new volume of the very successful BOOKMAN Biographies, will be issued immediately.

Prince Kropotkin's important work, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," which has already run through several editions, will be produced during the autumn at sixpence, by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein.

The *Young Man* for October will be the first number to be issued under the editorial oversight of the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Mr. Campbell will regularly contribute the first article dealing with topics of general interest, and will also be responsible for the correspondence pages and other important features.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, author of "The Boss: a Story of Contemporary Politics," which sold in large numbers on both sides of the Atlantic, will be represented this autumn by a new novel entitled "The President."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1904.

The brilliancy of the weather, so vitally necessary to the full enjoyment of the holiday seeker, and the very holidays themselves, of such necessity above all to the busy denizens of our towns, added to the customary slackness of this period of the year, have together resulted in a paucity of reading which has been very trying to the bookseller.

The amount of sales has in no class been numerous, but at the same time the 6s. novel has fairly held its own. The output has been very small, and the items which have been foremost in position have consisted of popular works which, *vide* the tradesman's circular, have merited "a continuance of past favours." Among those calling for special attention have been "The Queen's Quair," "The Challoners," "The Crossing," "The Ragged Messenger," "The God in the Garden," and "Dorothea."

The chief item of theological interest has been the extra volume of Hastings' Bible Dictionary, which has continued to be steadily in request.

A cheaper edition of the works of Mark Rutherford has proved very attractive, and the Macgreegor school of Scotch humour maintains an amount of popularity in "Erchie." "Russia as it Really is," by Carl Joubert, has maintained its attractiveness, and the issue of a new work, entitled "Japan by the Japanese," containing chapters on all phases of Japanese social, political, and religious life by eminent native authors, has been very successful.

An "Introductory History of England," by C. R. L. Fletcher, has also proved one of the foremost items of the month.

Among the most free selling of other lines have been various popular volumes in the many cheap pocket series, and judging by the number before the public, we are living in an age of series and libraries. Another aspirant to honour has just appeared under the title of "The Favourite Classics," the first forty volumes being devoted to Shakespeare.

Guide-books to various popular home resorts, and cycling maps, have sold freely.

Sixpenny reprints have of course been much in evidence both at home and abroad, and the sales in this class have been numerous.

Magazines of the more popular class, such as *Pearson's*, *Royal*, *Strand*, *London*, and *Woman at Home*, have sold largely, doubtless helped materially by the holiday traffic.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Challoners. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)
Dorothea. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)
The Ragged Messenger. By W. B. Maxwell. (Richards.)
The God in the Garden. By Keble Howard. (Chapman and Hall.)
Brothers. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)

The City of Mystery. By A. Gunter. (Ward and Lock.)
The Garden of Lies. By J. M. Firman. (Ward and Lock.)

Russia as it Really is. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Japan by the Japanese. By Various Authors. 20s. net. (Heinemann.)
Hastings' Bible Dictionary. Extra Volume. 28s. (T. and T. Clark.)
Mark Rutherford's Works. Each 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Erchie. By Hugh Foulis. 1s. net. (W. Blackwood.)
Introductory History of England. By C. R. L. Fletcher. 7s. 6d. (J. Murray.)
Various Volumes in cheap Pocket Libraries.
Every Man his own Gardener. By John Halsham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Double Garden. By Maurice Maeterlinck. 5s. net. (G. Allen.)
Careers for our Sons. By G. H. Williams. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)
Sixpenny reprints, magazines, and illustrated periodicals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 23—Fairly good in export.
" 30—Quiet in home trade.
Aug. 6—Still quiet.
" 13—Very slack in all departments.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 19TH TO AUGUST 18TH, 1904.

The favourite holiday month diverted, as usual, the book trade from the cities to the country and seaside resorts. Towards the close of the month local libraries benefited greatly owing to somewhat broken weather following a few weeks of continuous sunshine.

Undoubtedly the chief feature of the month's business was that done in connection with the great Church Property Case. Anticipating the general interest excited by the judgment declared by the House of Lords, several enterprising publishers were able almost simultaneously with the decision of their Lordships to issue full accounts of the law proceedings, and these were much in request. The most prominent of these books, and of the most permanent value, was that published by Messrs. Macniven and Wallace, of Edinburgh, edited by Mr. R. L. Orr, advocate, one of the counsel engaged in the case.

As was to be expected, all the leading Church papers and magazines gave much prominence to the ecclesiastical situation, and the sale for these was very considerable.

The first intimation of the busy season was to be seen in the orders received from educational centres for class books in anticipation of the early opening of schools and colleges. Competition grows keener and keener amongst the publishing houses for a share in this trade, but the demands of educational authorities are so exacting and uncertain, that booksellers hesitate to stock school books in quantities, hence the repeated orders placed with the wholesalers.

The remarkable popularity of "Erchie," by Hugh Foulis, still marked it out as the leading shilling book of the month, and the new volume, "Strawberry Leaves," in Nash's "Tauchnitz" Series, was more successful than any of the preceding reissues. Of course sixpenny reprints were prominent in business done as specially suitable for railway bookstall sale, and those that sold best were "Cinders," by Helen Mathers; "The New Rector," by S. Weyman; "Sirius," by E. T. Fowler; "Garthowen," by the author of "A Welsh Singer"; "A Woman's No," by Lovett Cameron; "Feo," by Max Pemberton; and "St. Martin's Eve," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

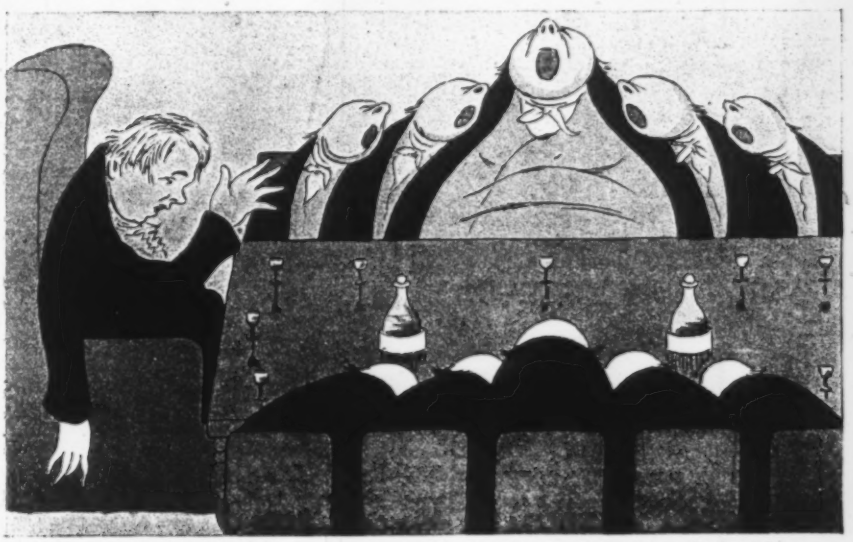
Although it might hardly be thought the summer season would bring requests for such books as Ruskin's Works Pocket Edition, and Mark Rutherford's issued in shilling volumes, yet the orders received for these were considerable, and R. L. Stevenson's romances, as published by Messrs. Cassell, in thin paper, were readily purchased.

The leading six shilling novels were "Weaver of Webs," by John Oxenham; "Slaking of the Sword," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; "Sign of the Stranger," by W. Le Queux; "A Lost Eden," by M. E. Braddon; "A Bachelor in Arcady," by H. Sutcliffe; "Captain Fortune," by H. B. M. Watson; "Challoners," by E. F. Benson; "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill; and "The Queen's Quair," by M. Hewlett. Orders were freely given for the following forthcoming novels:—"God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli; "The Last Hope," by H. S. Merriman; "Traffics and Discourses," by R. Kipling; and "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Miscellaneous.

The Free Church of Scotland Appeals. Edited by R. L. Orr. 5s. net. (Macniven.)
The Free Church Case. By A. McNiel. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Hodge.)
Hastings' Bible Dictionary. Extra Volume. 28s. (Clark.)
Russia as it Really is. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Life of General Wauchope. By Sir G. Douglas. 10s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Trout Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)



From a Drawing by Max Beerbohm.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Table-talking.

(Reproduced from "The Poets' Corner," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Mark Rutherford's Works. 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Erchie. By Hugh Foulis. 1s. (Blackwood.)
Strawberry Leaves. By A. Leaf. 1s. (Nash.)
Heinemann's Favourite Classics. 6d. net.

Six Shilling Novels.

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)
The Queen's Quair. By M. Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
A Bachelor in Arcady. By H. Sutcliffe. (Unwin.)
A Weaver of Webs. By John Oxenham. (Methuen.)
Slaking of the Sword. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Methuen.)
Captain Fortune. By H. B. M. Watson. (Methuen.)
Sign of the Stranger. By W. Le Queux. (White.)
Stolen Submarine. By George Griffiths. (White.)
The Challoners. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
A Lost Eden. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson.)
At the Back of the World. By L. T. Meade. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Dorothea. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

SEPTEMBER 6—OCTOBER 6.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

September 6th.

CARLING, JOHN R.—The Viking's Skull, 6s. ... (Ward, Lock)
TURNER, ETHEL.—Mother's Little Girl, 3s. 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—Sheilah McLeod, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
LOVETT, REV. RICHARD.—Tamate: The Adventures of a Christian Hero (Life of Jas. Chalmers, for Boys), 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
NICHOLS, REV. J. B.—The Advance of Romanism in England 2s. 6d. ..... (Religious Tract Society)

September 7th.

JONES, T. L.—Association Football, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
FARROW, G. E.—The Wallypug in Fogland, 5s. ..... (Pearson)
ISOBEL OF "HOME NOTES," EDITED BY.—Pearson's Home Management, 10s. 6d. ..... (Pearson)
"ALIEN."—A Slum Heroine, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long and Co.)

September 8th.

CLAIR, BADDELEY, W. ST.—The Forum, 3s. 6d. (Geo. Allen)
ADAMS, W. DAVENPORT.—A Dictionary of the Drama. Vol. I. (A to G). 10s. 6d. net ..... (Chatto and Windus)
NORRIS, W. E.—Nigel's Vocation, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MARRIOTT, CHAS.—Genevra, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
"SAKI."—Reginald, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
Fourth Folio of Shakespeare, £4 4s. net ..... (Methuen)
SMITH, ADAM, Edited by Edwin Cannan.—The Wealth of Nations, 21s. net ..... (Methuen)
BULL, PAUL.—God and Our Soldiers, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
CORELLI, MARIE.—God's Good Man, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

September 9th.

MARCHMONT, A. W.—The Queen's Advocate, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
STABLES, GORDON.—Regions of Perpetual Snow, 5s. (Ward, Lock)
GREEN, A. K.—Cynthia Wakeham's Money, 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)
WEST, NICHOLSON.—Gold Island, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

September 12th.

CALDECOTT, REV. W. S.—The Tabernacle, its History and Structure, 5s. ..... (Religious Tract Society)
BEARNE, CATH.—A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court, 10s. 6d. ..... (T. Fisher Unwin)
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—Nyria, 6s. ..... (T. Fisher Unwin)
SMITH, GOLDWIN.—My Memory of Gladstone, 2s. 6d. net (T. Fisher Unwin)
WALPOLE-BOND, J. A.—Bird Life in Wild Wales, 2s. (T. Fisher Unwin)
FINNEMORE, EMILY PEARSON.—Fate's Handicaps, 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

September 13th.

BESANT, SIR WALTER.—London in the Time of the Tudors, 30s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
English Water-Colour Art. In the first year of the reign of King Edward the Seventh, 20s. net. Edition de Luxe, 2 gns. net (A. and C. Black)
FORREST, ARCHIBALD S., AND S. L. BENSUSAN.—Morocco, 20s. net ..... A. and C. Black)
COOK, CAPTAIN.—Cook's Voyages and Discoveries. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (A. and C. Black)
NISBET, HUME.—The Divers, 3s. 6d. ..... (A. and C. Black)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—The Gold Bat, 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black)

September 14th.

WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—A Game of Love, 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

September 15th.

TWELLS, JULIA H.—Et Tu, Sejane! 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
ALBANESI, E. MARIA.—Capricious Caroline, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FORTESCUE, MRS. G.—Holbein, Little Books on Art, 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Barbara's Money, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.—Henry VIII., Coriolanus. 1s. net each ..... (Methuen)
GREENWELL, DORA.—Poems, 2s. net ..... (Methuen)
FILSON, YOUNG.—The Complete Motorist, 12s. 6d. net (Methuen)

September 16th.

LILJENCRANTZ, OTTILIEA.—Thrall of Lief the Lucky, 5s. (Ward, Lock)
DELANNOY, BURFORD.—Mid-Atlantic Mystery, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
OPPENHEIM, E. P.—The Great Awakening, 6d. ... (Ward Lock)
GERARD, MORICE.—A Lieutenant of the King, 6s. ... (Cassell)
UPWARD, ALLEN.—The Yellow Hand, 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

September 19th.

CROCKETT, S. R.—Red Cap Tales. 6s. ..... (A. and C. Black)
ASHTON, JOHN.—Our Daily Bread. Being the History of Bread-Making, 1s. 6d. ..... (Religious Tract Society)
BAIRD, DOROTHY.—By the Path of the Storm, 2s. (Religious Tract Society)
BECKINGSALE, JENNIE.—Children of Cathay. 1s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Hearts in Exile, 6s. ..... (Hodder)
THE STUDENTS' OLD TESTAMENT. Vol. 1. ... (Hodder)
CONOLLY, J. B.—The Seiners, 6s. ..... (Hodder)
BARRY, WILLIAM.—Heralds of Revolt, 7s. 6d. ..... (Hodder)
BUTLER, CAPT. LEWIS.—Wellington's Operations in the Peninsula, 32s. net ..... (T. Fisher Unwin)

September 21st.

HAND, EDITED BY REV. J. E.—Ideals of Science and Faith, 5s. net ..... (George Allen)
RUSKIN, J.—Seven Lamps of Architecture (Pocket Edition), 3s. 6d. net ..... (George Allen)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Our Lady of Beauty, 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

September 22nd.

WESTALL, WILLIAM.—A Very Queer Business, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY.—The Lady of Loyalty House, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
BELLOC, HILAIRE.—Mr. Burden, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MANN, MARY E.—There was once a Prince, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
TOWNLEY, LADY SUSAN.—My Chinese Note Book, 10s. 6d. net (Methuen)
DILLON, ED.—Porcelain (Connoisseur's Library), 25s. net (Methuen)

September 23rd.

LILJENCRANTZ, OTTILIEA.—The Ward of King Canute, 5s. (Ward, Lock)
GOLDING, EDITED BY HARRY.—The Wonder Book, 5s. cloth, 3s. 6d. boards ..... (Ward, Lock)
BLAKE, REV. J. M.—Lily Work, 2s. 6d. net ..... (George Allen)
HARE, CHRISTOPHER.—In the Straits of Tunis, 6s. (Cassell)

September 26th.

KNAPP, OSWALD G.—An Artist's Love Story, 12s. 6d. net (Geo. Allen)
OAKELEY, E. M.—Life of Sir Herbert Oakeley, 10s. 6d. net (Geo. Allen)
KENYON, CHARLES.—Live Forrester's Gold, 1s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Beatrice of Venice, 6s. ..... (Hodder)

September 29th.

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Exemplar Eng., Co.

The Reader.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE lives of our great poets or creative artists are seldom, perhaps, of that altogether exemplary character which we are so anxious in England to set before young men about to marry. Men of strong passions, impetuous energy, and overmastering artistic preoccupation, they rarely have patience for the humdrum requirements of our middle-class code. At the same time, however, the record of their lives is seldom other than profoundly stimulating, as showing the enormous combustion that goes to the production of a work of genius, the stupendous exertion of will power, the devoted application, the rushing impetuous force with which alien and minor occupations are borne down and life subordinated at one point after another to the consummation of the *magnum opus*.

Now Coleridge, by general consent, wrote some of the finest poems in English, the magical charm of which it is as difficult to define, and would be as dangerous to ignore, as in the case of Edmund Spenser. Yet his life presents the puzzling anomaly that we can discern in it no prodigious expenditure of will power (far from it), no rare spectacle of concentration, continuity, or independence of mind; no infinite capacity for taking pains, not a single one in short of the recognised birth marks of genius. He spent much of his time in demonstrating (with the aid of German materials) that Shakespeare could not possibly have been that strange irregular *lusus naturæ* which Voltaire and a large school of critics represented him to be. Yet *Lusus naturæ* seems to be the exact term to describe his own erratic display of genius—a lamp in the grasp of a little child, the best simile to indicate the wayward gleams of the extraordinary intellect with which he was endowed. We have the farther anomaly that Coleridge, whose type of mind was the most feminine (always clinging to, assimilating and polishing other people's ideas, and often boxing the compass in the process), should have produced some of the most masculine and original poetry in existence. The explanation has been, we think, unduly obscured not only by the large class of hagiologists who burn incense before every literary genius indiscriminately, and seem to demand not the truth, but good press notices for all old favourites and trusty entertainers of the past, but also by the numerous class who are prepared to find extenuation for any defects of character in the fact that Coleridge, who as a youth complained that "Scepticism had mildewed his hope in his Saviour," died in the odour of the most unexceptionable and orthodox sanctity.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, aged 26.
Rischgitz Collection.

The youngest son of an absent-minded pedagogue, vicar of Ottery St. Mary, and his practical wife, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at the vicarage, Ottery, on 21st October, 1772. His intellectual precocity was almost without parallel. Before he was eight he was already a "character," a despiser of boys' games and a dreamer of dreams. "Sensibility, imagination, vanity, sloth and feelings of deep and bitter contempt for almost all who traversed the orbit of my understanding, were even then prominent and manifest." At the grammar school of Ottery in 1778-80 he was already regarded as a prodigy. But he was soon desupernaturalised at Christ's Hospital, where he went on his father's death in 1781, and was promptly submitted to the Draconic regimen of Bowyer, "grim idol whose altars reeked with children's blood." In 1788 he became a Grecian, and in 1789 the appearance of Bowles's "Sonnets" stirred his poetical ambition to its depths. His ability won him prizes and scholarships ere he went up to Jesus College, Cambridge, where his room rapidly became a centre of talk and declamation of extraordinary quality from this plump-cheeked, full-lipped boy of nineteen. Unprosperous in love and troubled by debts in his second year at college, Coleridge ran to London and enlisted in a Dragoon regiment. His docility and amiability were approved by his superiors, and his book learning astonished the troopers even more than that of Steele had done before him, but he proved unequal (so like him) to the one necessary duty of rubbing down his horse. This proved a memorable year for him. On 10th April, 1794, after four months' dragooning, he was received back with a reprimand at Cambridge.

In the following June he went to Oxford and made the acquaintance of that enthusiastic revolutionary, Robert Southey, then in residence at Balliol. From his intimacy with Southey there sprang important influences affecting his later life: first, his engagement to Sara Fricker, the daughter of a decayed Bristol merchant, whose sisters, Edith and Mary, were eventually married to Southey and Robert Lovell. No other means of subsistence offering itself in the immediate future, the brothers-in-law to be formed the conception of a communistic settlement on the banks of the Susquehanna. Funds were lacking to the enterprise, and even if they had been forthcoming it is

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

From a Painting by Vandyke, executed in 1795, and now in the National Portrait Gallery.

"My face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed, almost idiotic, good nature. 'Tis a mere carcass of a face, fat, flabby, and expressive, chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough, if measured, but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies.*"—Letter to John Thelwall, November, 1796.

Rischgitz Collection.

doubtful if Coleridge's ardour for emigration would have outlived the enthusiasms of earlier days, when he had fancied himself first a surgeon, then a shoemaker, and quite recently a trooper. On quitting Cambridge without a degree in 1794, he found his way to London, renewed his schoolday friendship with Lamb, and revealed how "full of his f-f-fun" he was on some fondly remembered London nights (on which side abstemiousness it would be impertinent to pry out) at the "Salutation and Cat," Newgate Street. *O noctes coenæque Deum!* Coleridge in a smoking cap, welsh rabbits, punch and poesy! To the obligations which he had incurred in the sublunary world, especially with regard to his engagement with Sara Fricker, he had to be dragged back by Southey. At Bristol, where the Pantisocratians now foregathered, Coleridge met bookseller Cottle, who offered to pay, upon what must be regarded as a generous scale, for any poetry he would write. On the strength of this he married, and thought out a careful scheme to support himself and his wife without any servant in a cottage upon the joint proceeds of gardening and poetry.

Attacks on Pitt in the advanced opposition press, and occasional appearances as a lecturer or as a preacher in some Unitarian pulpit from which advanced views were acceptable, might help to furnish forth a few guineas. But before the end of 1795, he matured some more ambitious journalistic plans. In January, 1796, he started on a tour to the north (described with great humour in the Biographia Literaria) to engage subscribers for his new venture. He visited Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, and other towns, and came back with a list of nearly a thousand names. A prospectus was issued of the *Watchman*, price fourpence, which was to appear on 1st March, and on every eighth day (in order to avoid the tax payable on weekly newspapers), and to contain original matter, reviews, and full reports of parliamentary speeches. Cottle procured many subscribers at Bristol, and provided for part of the expenditure. The first number, as Coleridge tells us, was behind its time; the second (on "fast days") lost five hundred subscribers by "a censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto" (the motto was, "My bowels shall sound like a harp," Isaiah xvi. 11); the two next disgusted the Jacobins and republicans, and the work dropped at the tenth number, with a frank statement of the "short and satisfactory reason" that it did "not pay its expenses." The failure of the *Watchman* in May, 1796, found Coleridge practically penniless.

Christ's Hospital.

Where Coleridge was sent in 1782, and remained until September, 1791.

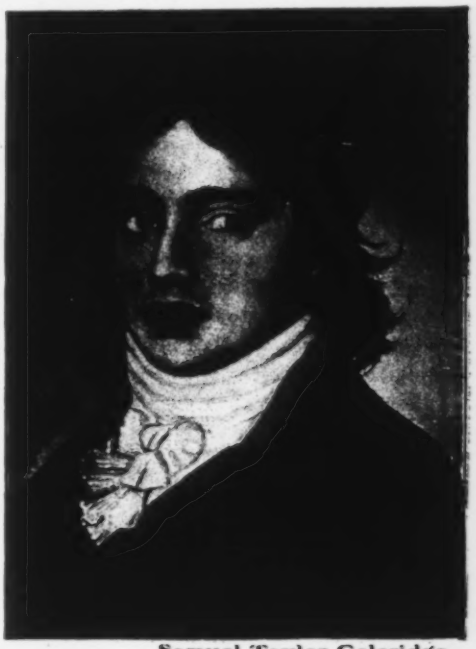
"At length the time came, and I donned the *blue* coat and yellow stockings, and was sent down into Hertford, a town twenty miles from London, where there are about three hundred of the younger Blue-Coat boys. . . . I stayed there six weeks, and then was drafted up to the great school at London, where I arrived in September, 1782, and was placed in the second ward, then called Jefferies' Ward, and in the under Grammar School."—Letter to Thomas Poole, 1798.

Rischgitz Collection.

By one of the friends he had made in the west—everyone of whom had formed the very highest conception of his genius without any acuter perception into its fatal flaws—he is described at this time as a young man of "brilliant understanding, great eloquence, desperate fortune, democratic principles, and entirely led away by the feelings of the moment." The failure of the *Watchman* only confirmed his admirers in the opinion that his genius was too celestial for anything so mundane as magazine work.

"I love to view the abstracted gaze which speaks
Thy soul to heavenwards towering—then I say
He's gone—for us to cull celestial sweets,
Amid the flowerets of the milky way."

Lamb and his sister had almost as elevated a view of Coleridge at this time as is here expressed. Hazlitt himself, the splenetic Hazlitt, would have had him "talk on" and "talk for ever," borne on the gusts of genius, with that voice which rolled on the ear like the pealing organ, and whose sound alone was the music of thought, but the lines were actually those of Tom Poole, a tanner of Nether Stowey, near Bridgewater, and a man both mentally and pecuniarily well endowed, who became from this time an ardent Coleridgean, and got up several subscriptions among friends which literally kept the author of "Religious Musings" going. The early "Poems" containing this supposed masterpiece had appeared through Cottle in 1796. No great results followed, but the verses must have served as credentials when Coleridge presented himself to the author of "Descriptive Sketches" and his "exquisite sister" at Racedown in Dorset in June, 1797. Dorothy Wordsworth's fascinated appreciation of Coleridge's inspired talk cemented a priceless friendship between the two poets. Both were at a critical period of development, and both were to receive the dip in Castalie from this timely association, brought about at a moment when Coleridge, his face glowing, his mind tingling in the first raptures of the super-normal vitality induced by reaction after his first copious draughts of laudanum, poured out his spirit in monologue of an almost ecstatic order. Extraordinary as Coleridge was in the domain of spoken rhapsody, there was nothing whatever in his "Poems" of 1796 that could afford the least hint that his hand was already on the latch of the "magic casements." It was during this one autumn of 1797 that the influence of a strongly masculine poet and the physiological effects of opium combined to counteract the spell which lethargy ordinarily contrived to throw over his poetic imagination. So the stars in their courses smiled upon English poetry when in August, 1797, rather than lose the inspiration of frequent communion with Coleridge, the Wordsworths moved to Alfoxden, two coombs and but three miles distant from Coleridge's agricultural cottage at Nether Stowey. For thirteen ever-to-be-remembered months three persons with one soul dwelt together in that beautiful corner of Somerset, where the soft orchard and cottage scenery ran up into the slopes of the hills, with meadowy hollows and remote dells and lucent streams and wind-entangled woods. Far away northwards in distant glimpses appeared the Bristol channel, indistinguishable from the horizon save for glimpses of the white sails on its bosom. It was the sight of a ship, we know, under somewhat similar conditions, and the sensation of mystery appertaining to it as it disappeared into the sunset at Lynmouth, during a brief walking tour made this autumn, that, in connection with a dream of a skeleton ship, first prompted the germinal conception of "The Ancient Mariner." Cole-



Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

From an Original Pastel Sketch, executed in Germany, 1798.

"In person he was a tall, dark, handsome young man, with long, black, flowing hair; eyes not merely dark, but black, and keenly penetrating; a fine forehead, a deep-toned, harmonious voice; a manner never to be forgotten, full of life, vivacity, and kindness; dignified in person, and, added to all these, exhibiting the elements of his future greatness."—The Rev. Leapidge Smith in "Leisure Hour."

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Jesus College.

Coleridge went into residence at Jesus College, Cambridge, in October, 1791.

"Neither Lectures, Chapel, or anything is begun. The College is very thin, and Middleton has not the least acquaintance with any of Jesus except a very blackguardly fellow whose physiog. I did not like. So I sit down to dinner in the Hall in silence, except the noise of suction which accompanies my eating, and rise up ditto. I then walk to Pembroke and sit with my friend Middleton."—Letter to the Rev. George Coleridge, October 16th, 1791.

Rischgitz Collection.

ridge's spontaneous reflection in verse had proved humdrum enough. No visions as yet of damsels with dulcimers, no perception of that "beauty, which maketh beautiful old rhyme." But now came the transforming touch. The new-born desire to achieve some tribute worthy to lay before a friend whose poetic stature he rightly estimated as gigantic, to express his new perception of the beauty and mystery of the world which Dorothy Wordsworth had helped so much to stimulate, and to irradiate with his imagination some of those grotesque subtleties of a strong fancy which had come to him from the perusal of rare and half-forgotten books*—these desires were intensified at this conjuncture to the exceptional point with him of being translated into effective action.

In November, 1797, was projected the joint volume of "Lyrical Ballads" in which Coleridge and Wordsworth were to supplement each other, one illustrating the home truths of the supernatural, the other the supernatural beauty of incidents the most homely and familiar.

"There existed two powerful tendencies in the literature of the time, each of which was liable to excess when it operated alone, each of which needed to work in harmony with the other, and to take into itself something from the other—the tendency to realism, seen in such a poem as Crabbe's 'The Village,' and the tendency towards romance, seen in its more extravagant forms in such writings as those of Matthew Gregory Lewis. Realism might easily have become hard, dry, literal, as we sometimes see it in Crabbe. Romance might easily have degenerated into a coarse revel in material horrors. English poetry needed, first, that romance should be saved and ennobled by the presence and power of truth—truth moral and psychological; and secondly, that naturalism, without losing any of its fidelity to fact, should be saved and ennobled by the presence and the power of imagination—'the light that never was, on sea or land.' This precisely was what Coleridge and Wordsworth contributed to English poetry in their joint volume of 'Lyrical Ballads,' which in consequence may justly be described as marking an epoch in the history of our literature."

* "He had sounded without guiding-charts the secret deeps of Proclus and Plotinus; he had laid down buoys on the twilight or moonlight ocean of Jacob Boehmen; he had cruised over the broad Atlantic of Kant and Schelling, of Fichte and Oken." A circumnavigator on the pathless waters of scholasticism and metaphysics, ancient balladry, Neo-Platonism, and seventeenth century travel, we know that in quaint old quartos he disinterred some of the weird superstitions and musical collocations (Shelvocke, Purchas, Burger, etc.), which he transmuted into the purest poetic ore.

Nether-Stowey.

Where Coleridge lived from December 31st, 1796, to 1800.

"Our House is better than we expected—there is a comfortable bedroom and sitting-room for C. Lloyd, and another for us, a room for Nanny, a kitchen, and outhouse. Before our door a clear brook runs of very soft water; and in the back-yard is a nice *well* of fine spring water. We have a very pretty garden, and large enough to find us vegetables and employment, and I am already an expert gardener, and both my hands can exhibit a callum as testimonials of their industry. We have likewise a sweet orchard."—Letter to Rev. J. P. Estlin.

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Clevedon Cottage.

Where Coleridge spent his honeymoon in 1795.

"The life at Clevedon was pure poetry in a Pantisocratic sense. The solitary cottage they inhabited was at the west end of the little town, and was almost as primitive as if it had been meant for our first parents. It consisted only of the ground floor, on a level with the garden, with a rose-tree peeping in at the window. The room they occupied had been simply whitewashed, and that a long time before. Their friend Cottle, who rode out to see them on the fourth day, had the consideration to order a carpet for them. All other arrangements were eminently fitted for a philosopher. The wash-table had no glass, and the kitchen no kettle. The young wife had to dispense with coffee, rice, spice, and a number of other trifles, and among them, not the least, a Bible. But the rent was only five pounds a year, and the young husband nourished the happy conviction of earning all they wanted within a week."—"Brandl's Life of Coleridge."

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by kind permission of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

It was a year of companionship commemorated both in S. T. C.'s own "Nightingale" and in these much finer verses by Wordsworth in "The Prelude."

> "That summer under whose indulgent skies,
> Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we stood
> Unchecked, or loiter'd 'mid her sylvan combes,
> Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart
> Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
> Didst utter of the Lady Christabel."

In this year, it is no exaggeration to say, was written practically everything that remains as a measure of Coleridge's finer poetic gifts. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," in which the archaic tone, the energetic phrasing, the repetitions and interrogations of the ancient ballad form are applied with such subtle artistry to a legend of the supernatural, which, having once stealthily taken hold of the imagination, refuses ever to quit it; "Christabel," a fragment of an even more unapproachable mystery and indefinable artistic and metrical perfection and beauty; "Kubla Khan," the supreme example of a kissing melody of the never-never land

Mrs. S. T. Coleridge, aged 39.

From a Miniature in the possession of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

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that borders between waking and sleeping moments, the avowed product as the others are unavowed of a state more or less immediately induced by subjection to opium before the subjection has gone too far and become a degrading slavery—these and a few fragmentary sprouts and offshoots, such as "The Dark Ladye" and "Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?" are all that can be claimed for what is indubitably of the highest quality in poetry. The unrepeated effort was due to an irrecoverable combination—the moral influence contributing to which was doubtless supplied by Wordsworth. The presence of the steady resolute will of the dalesman, as De Quincey remarks, seems for the time to have constrained his imagination from aimless wandering, and the lofty unwavering self-confidence of his friend inspired him with a similar energy. Away from Wordsworth after that year he lost himself in visions of work to be done that always remained to be done. But the debt, it is needless perhaps to say, was by no means wholly on one side. To the extraordinary facility of Coleridge's dialectical apparatus both Lamb and Wordsworth owed, we are convinced, the impregnation of ideas which, but for this stimulus, would have remained dormant and unproductive. Not a few of Lamb's Shakespearean comments bear the impress of this distinguished origin, which is traced with minuteness and precision by De Quincey in the case of Wordsworth both in the outline and detail of the famous Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads."

"Wordsworth was not a reader of philosophy, and he professed to detest mental analysis; yet the analysis of the creative faculty in the 'Preface' is at once profound and clear. Coleridge, on the other hand, had a passion for philosophy; his quick and subtle intellect revelled in its intricacies; it was his delight before poetry even when he was a schoolboy, and when he was an old man he could hardly be brought to converse on any other subject. Only the year before he sought the acquaintance of Wordsworth, the first son born to him, the ill-starred Hartley Coleridge, had been named after the English philosopher whose technical language is used throughout Wordsworth's Preface, not without the awkwardness and crabbedness that comes from want of familiarity. Coleridge was saturated with Hartley's psychology when he and Wordsworth first met; and when he was full of a subject his eloquence about it was unmatchedly rich and full. A new Plato would find admirable subjects for imaginary dialogues in these conversations between Coleridge and Wordsworth when they met almost daily for a whole year. Only Plato himself could hardly have done justice to the abundance and eloquence, the wide discursiveness of Coleridge's talk." Carlyle saw and heard him in his old age, and has left a description that is often quoted:—

"I have heard Coleridge talk with eager musical energy two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers, certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope: the most had long before given up, and formed, if the room was large enough, secondary hummings of their own. . . . You swam and fluttered in the mistiest, wide, unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless, uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets too I have seen rise out of the haze, but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest, and the intelligible—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming and hang breathless upon the eloquent words, till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they would recommence humming. Eloquent, artistically expensive words, you had always; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals."

Part of this unintelligibility may have been due to the listener, for Coleridge in his Highgate days spoke in what was to Carlyle an unknown tongue—the philosophical dialect of modern Germany. But a North

From a Photo by Alfred Pettitt, Keswick. **Greta Hall, Keswick.**

Where Coleridge resided from July 24th, 1800, until the end of 1803, when the Southeys took up their joint residence there.

"Our house is a delightful residence, something less than half a mile from the lake of Keswick, and something more than a furlong from the town. It commands both that lake and the lake of Bassenthwaite. Skiddaw is behind us; to the left, the right, and in front mountains of all shapes and sizes. The waterfall of Lodore is distinctly visible. In garden, etc., we are uncommonly well off, and our landlord, who resides next door, in this two-fold house, is already much attached to us."—Letter to Thomas Poole, August, 1800.

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From a Drawing by Herbert Cole.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

"It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
By the long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

(Reproduced from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," by kind permission of Messrs. Gay and Bird.)

Briton who failed to appreciate Lamb's "beauty" could hardly be expected to take kindly to S. T. C. They regarded him as "unsafe." Scott himself likened him to a "lump of [gaseous] coal." That his eloquence quickened Wordsworth's whole poetic nature, and set him thinking with new energy about poetry, I have (De Quincey remarks) not the least doubt; "and I think it highly probable that the doctrines of the Preface shaped themselves in his mind as he listened to Coleridge's ever-flowing talk. In restating some of these doctrines in the 'Biographia Literaria,' with such fulness of illustration and such explanations and verbal corrections that they have become part of the critical creed, Coleridge was probably only reclaiming what had once been his own. Why, then, you may ask, did he not say so? To answer this question is to recall the character of the man. Absorbed in a subject one day, violently pouring out his thick-coming thoughts about it, he would not have the slightest remembrance of what he had said a short time afterwards, when another subject had taken possession of him. A verbatim report of his conversation one year might have been passed off on him next year as the production of another mind. He has been accused, and we must admit convicted, of extensive plagiarism both in his poetry and his philosophy: if anybody had plagiarised from himself, he would never have detected the fact. He never paused to think what was his or not, but gave all his powers of memory and imagination to whatever was uppermost in his mind at the time. I do not say that Wordsworth plagiarised from him, but it seems to me impossible to over-rate the quickening influence that Wordsworth owed to his contact with this wonderful enthusiast."

With Coleridge now at the very summit of his early promise and potentiality, a youth of twenty-five, making little money, but attracting friends of power and influence, and with an apparently illimitable future before him ("nothing seemed too bright to hope from such a dawn"), it is interesting to pause a moment—the reality to come is so deplorably meagre in comparison with this superb endowment of promise—for a piece of self-portraiture which in its negation of reticence is evidently Coleridge himself and all over. "My face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth and great, indeed almost idiotic, good nature. 'Tis a mere carcase of a face; fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. . . . As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough if measured, but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates indolence capable of energies. I am and ever have been a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am "*deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times or of the puritanical era. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition, and such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is sometimes too weak to overpower it. I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open."

With this we have to compare the impression produced upon Hazlitt, not yet soured and savage, when Coleridge appeared before his amazed view at Shrewsbury in January, 1798. He still clung to an idea that he might occupy a great pulpit among the Unitarians, whose views he subsequently denounced so insistently to Emerson, and the Unitarians for their part were more than ready to open their pulpits to a preacher whose eloquence promised to rival even the most splendid traditions of the refined age of Leighton and Jeremy Taylor. "His complexion," says Hazlitt in a passage which has few equals in the whole course of his prose, "was at that time clear and bright. His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread,' a purple tinge as we see it in the pale, thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good humoured and round, but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing,—like what he has done. . . ." "When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, 'And He went up into the mountains to pray, *Himself, alone.*' As he gave out this text, his voice 'rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,' and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind." The Unitarian firmament, it is superfluous to point out, was too cramped for this.

brilliant Meteor, and a new means of mollifying the twin giants Bread and Cheese was opened out by the oracle's eloquence in January, 1798, when the brothers Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood expressed themselves honoured by Coleridge's acceptance of an annuity of £150 for life, "no condition whatsoever being annexed to it." Coleridge determined to accept, we learn from Hazlitt, in the act of tying a bootlace. Rumour had reached him of a great light shining in Germany, and it became imperative, both from the intellectual and moral point of view, as he convinced Poole (to whose charge wife and child were entrusted) and all his friends, that he should light his torch from the Kantian philosophy wherewith to regenerate his erring countrymen. This was to be the *magnum opus* which his friends were never tired of imploring him to undertake, but about which Lamb must have had misgivings even in October, 1796, when he wrote, "My dearest friend, I grieve from my very soul to observe you in your plans of life, veering about from this hope to another and settling nowhere." After the too brief period of brotherhood with Wordsworth and his sister at Nether Stowey, Coleridge's wander years in Germany were probably among the happiest of his life. His curiosity roved with eager absorbing flight from subject to subject. He acquired a good command of the language, though his pronunciation remained puzzling, and an insight into German life, without which his finely executed translation of "Wallenstein" (now, it must be avowed, scarcely ever read) would have been impossible. He suffered much from home sickness and longing to see his wife and child; but this was preferable perhaps to the symptoms of indifference which were soon to follow their reunion. This took place in the autumn of 1799.

After visits to Stowey and Keswick, Coleridge made his one determined start in journalism under Daniel Stuart on the *Morning Post* in the spring of 1800. To this paper, which was anti-ministerial, yet at the same time anti-Jacobin, and so coincided for the moment with his own particular 'doxy, he contributed some vigorous articles and the notorious lines called "Devil's Thoughts," but payments in advance and arrears of work done soon made his position untenable. In June, 1800, he moved with his family to the lakes and settled at Greta Hall, hoping to renew in the enchantment of new scenery and a renewal of his Stowey intimacy with the Wordsworths that wonderful poetic exhilaration of 1798. But again practically nothing was done either in the way of poetic or remunerative composition. From month to month the completion of "Christabel" was regularly promised, and visionary books literally by scores, "completed save for transcription," appear in his letters and disappear into the limbo of self-delusion. He did nothing except ramble about in the neighbourhood of Dove Cottage, drifting farther and farther from his wife, whose faith in his ability to afford her any kind of support, moral or fiscal, was gradually ebbing. His lamentations about his health, promises, protestations and explanations are increasingly pitiful. In 1804, after some painful breakdowns, he managed by the aid of loans from friends to leave the Wedgwood annuity to his wife and to ramble off to Malta, where the governor was sufficiently impressed by his powers to offer him a secretarial appointment, which he held for about a year. He returned home in August, 1806, with a melancholy sense of promises broken, and will paralysed. "An archangel somewhat damaged" was Lamb's succinct report on his appearance. He still drinks goblet after goblet (of laudanum!). Afraid to ask after old friends, "ill, penniless and worse than homeless." His poetic inspiration seemed to have breathed its last in his "Ode to Dejection." His letters meanwhile get more and more Micawberish; it is always "I am on the eve of sending to press in two octavo volumes" those visionary tomes which never were to see the light. The Wedgwoods are now so disgusted at the use made of their annuity and the gradual relegation of parental duties to his brother-in-law, the over-

From a Painting by Henry J. Stock, R.I. **Kubla Khan.**

"But on that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!" —Kubla Khan.

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From a Painting by James Northcote.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1804.

"In height he might seem to be about five feet eight (he was in reality about an inch and a half taller, but his figure was of an order which drowns the height); his person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically style fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large, and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light that I recognised my object. This was Coleridge." —De Quincey.

Rischgitz Collection.

burdened Southey, that half of the "unconditional" annuity is withdrawn. Fortunately for him at this conjuncture, that wonderful eloquence, the equivalent of Mr. Micawber's epistolary genius, was "never to desert" him. It threw as complete a spell over De Quincey as it had formerly done over Hazlitt, and De Quincey was now in a position to make the poet an indefinite loan of £300, which disappeared as if by magic under the pressure of immediate claims.

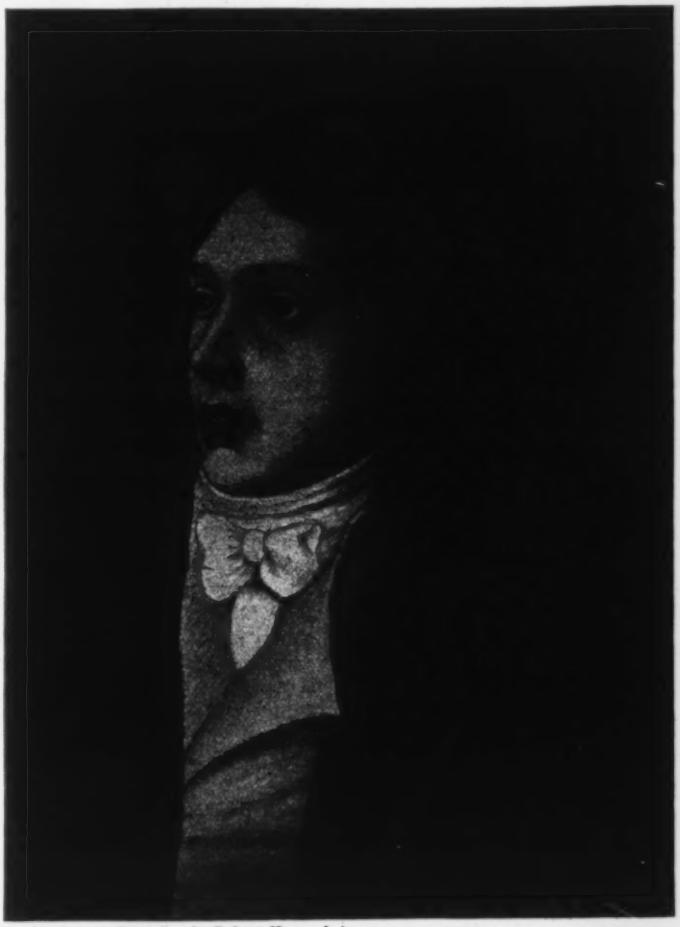
Some undertow seems ever dragging him back, so that he can never get his feet safely planted on dry land. He has almost passed out of the knowledge of the early stratum of friends when in April, 1816, a last despairing effort to escape from the thraldom of the laudanum (which he drank at the rate of a pint, or even more upon occasion, during the twenty four hours) threw him up in a haven of comparative security at the Gillmans' house in Highgate. "The Ancient Mariner," a few newspaper articles and courses of lectures constituted at this time the whole achievement of the man regarded by Lamb, Wordsworth, Hazlitt and De Quincey as the nonpareil of that prolific epoch. The recipient for so many years of irregular loans and of help to perform his most sacred domestic duties, it was in the fitness of things that this parasitic plant should find shelter at last under the eaves of some suburban gable. Stung by the accusation that it was he who had depraved Coleridge by his example, De Quincey retorted in later years by asserting that Gillman's patient, far from discarding opium for ever, had inveigled his adviser and host into his own pernicious habits. This was evidently not the case; a complete recovery was out of the question, but the poet was sufficiently emancipated from his enslavement for some literary salvage at least to be assured from the wreck of ancient hopes. When he first took up his abode with the Gillmans the proof sheets of "Christabel" formed part of his luggage. With the addition of a second part, far inferior to the original, it was published in 1816, and although denounced (like all Coleridge's work) by the "heavy" critical organs, it was welcomed by multitudes of those who had seen it or heard of its existence in MS., and had hailed it as the day star of modern poetry. Its pre-natal influence had in fact been far from inconsiderable. During the peaceful yet comparatively busy years that followed also appeared the "Biographia Literaria," a marvellous patchwork of apologetic autobiography, German metaphysic, critical disquisition (mainly upon the Poetics of Wordsworth), and warmed up journalism; and eight years later the "Aids to Reflection," a serious but by no means very original, coherent or perspicuous attempt to find a basis in philosophy for the transition stage of liberalism in religion which was passing over the English Church. Coleridge's eloquence always followed the line of the least resistance, and here he found the means for its exercise least obnoxious to the dominant influences of his later life. His last course of lectures was given during his sojourn at Highgate in 1818-19. Here, too, was formed that Thursday evening circle and those morning classes which exercised so much influence upon a rising group of orthodox thinkers. Here, too, were garnered the materials for the "Table Talk" and the printed "Lectures" on Shakespeare, the Dramatists, and Milton, which have contributed so greatly to Coleridge's critical fame. His talk, it seems almost unnecessary to interpolate, was as fluent and as transcendental as ever. It was in his later years that he pumped nebulæ into that (ordinarily far from) "passive bucket," Carlyle, that he harangued Emerson about the iniquity of Unitarianism without giving him an opportunity to get a word in edgewise. To the last, however, when "C." spoke, all other voices were hushed, and (in default of a larger audience) he could content himself, as Lamb tells us, with the circumference of a button. Most of Coleridge's friends were destined to be reconciled to him at one period or another. Among the staunchest of them was Tom Poole, who visited him a few months before his death. He had been at Highgate for now fully eighteen years, and had been practically an "old man" all the

time. He died there in the tranquillity of spirit to which he had so gradually and painfully attained, on 25th July, 1834.

The temptation to moralise at large upon Coleridge's career has proved a stumbling-block to the English critic. That the poet suffered both physically and mentally from extremes of weakness and depression is manifest. For relief he took to opium (of the tyranny of which he became conscious in 1800) as early as 1796, and the first sprightly runnings of the drug through his nervous system conspired with a spirit of emulation in 1797 to produce some gems of poetry of an unsurpassable lustre, such as "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan," to which should probably be added that mystic masterpiece (which Mrs. Barbauld pronounced both improbable and un-moral), "The Ancient Mariner." But this intoxicating period of initiation was but too cruelly brief, and afterwards the drug both enervated and relaxed the fibres of the poet, while it intensified the sloth and other characteristic weaknesses of the man, whose sense of moral obligation it profoundly dulled.

"Sloth jaundiced all, and from my graspless hand
Drop friendship's precious pearls like hour-glass sand."

Eventually, however, his system reacted, and Coleridge recovered a period of comparative serenity, during which the worst symptoms were abated and some fragments of his intellectual life were gathered up. If his health had been better and his will stronger we should have had more "Religious Musings" and more doggerel of the "Three Graves" order. But should we have had another "Christabel"? We are strongly inclined to think that the muse which opium lulled was no great loss, and the grievance of the world against the incidence of such losses must be left to more eloquent pens. The voice of Nature and of Poetry seldom speaks through such good apprentices in every sense of the word as Wordsworth and Tennyson; and regarding Nature's methods as a whole we can scarcely regard such gems of the first water as "Kubla Khan" too dearly purchased at the expense of self-indulgence followed by self-disapprobation and much acute suffering. For it is remarkable in the case of Coleridge that, in spite of the seeming charlatanry and shuffling of so many of his letters, he never became callous to the degradation which his resort to narcotics involved. His exuberance of metaphor and his fertility in explanations of the past and projects for the future recall now a Meercraft, now a Costigan, but more often that inimitable and flamboyant creature, Richmond Roy. His copious plausibility in discourse, we know, suggested such caricatures as Peacock's Mr. Flosky. But Coleridge always retained a latent sensitiveness of self-respect, there was nothing sordid or mean in the baser sense about his abandonment of responsibility, and so he was able to the last to retain the devotion of some of the best men of his time. That of the Lambs was unfaltering, that of the Wordsworths strong and clear, De Quincey and Tom Poole and many more bespeak friendships never wholly wrecked, and a sense of shame which, although it may at times have been attenuated, was never wholly atrophied. After the small string of pearls of price written in 1797-8, the careless rapture of which period he never recovered, we are inclined to value Coleridge's "Letters" and "Table Talk" more even than his critical work—that to a large extent reflects the gradually evolved Shakespearean and æsthetic theories of Lessing and Kant and Schlegel and Schelling, with some at least of their characteristic faults and extravagances—but the Letters and journalistic fragments represent more nearly to us the man himself, the "monarch of monologue," engaged in the congenial labour of monologising "from mount to mount in Cloudland" and "lifting philosophy to heaven." They represent, moreover, the wonderful richness of almost miraculous promise which threw such a spell over all the associates of Coleridge's marvellous youth. The fulfilment was marred, it is true, but the larger and more Boswellian the scale on which we can survey a life so strangely and rarely compounded, the more it is certain we shall find to forgive, the more inclined shall we be to regard that life less with indignation and censure than with wonder and compassion.



From a Crayon Drawing by Robert Hancock in 1796, in the National Portrait Gallery. **Samuel Taylor Coleridge.**

"His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright. His forehead was broad and high, light, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread,' a purple tinge as we see it in the pale, thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round, but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, i o his g,—like what he has done."—Description by Hazlitt of Coleridge in 1798, from "The Liberal," No. III., 1823.

Rischgitz Collection.

COLERIDGE AT THE ENGLISH LAKES.

By Canon Rawnsley.

COLERIDGE was a dweller at the English Lakes for two short periods—from 1800 to 1804 at Keswick, and at Grasmere from 1808 to 1810. It is

Hartley Coleridge at the age of 10.

After a Painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., now in the possession of Sir George Beaumont, Bart.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself;
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always *finds*, and never *seeks*,
Doth make a vision to the sight,
Which fills a father's eyes with light!"
—Lines in letter to Southey, May, 1801.

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by kind permission of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

interesting to note how the scenery of the country colours his poems. Of him, as of the shepherd Michael, it is true:

"These fields, these hills—what could they less—had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself."

He came to the Lake country, with Wordsworth and his brother John, in the autumn of 1799, and saw the Keswick vale for the first time in the second week of November. He must have brought with him from Sockburn the MSS. of his "Genevieve" and "The Ballad of the Dark Ladie," which he had there composed. It is possible that such lines in the first poem,

"And that he crossed the mountain-woods
Nor rested day nor night,"

and

"When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay,"

and such a verse as

"Beneath yon birch with silver bark
And boughs so pendulous and fair,
The brook falls scattered down the rock,
And all is merry there,"

were touches that he took from the all golden woodland and waterfalls of the Keswick or the Grasmere vale. It was then he first saw Grasmere, and it was then that Wordsworth determined to rent the Town End cottage to which he brought his sister in December of the same year.

We know from Coleridge's journal that one of the views that impressed him on this first visit was the view from the Druids' Circle. "On the right," says he, "the road and Saddleback; on the left a fine but unwatered vale (Naddle), walled by grassy hills and a fine black crag standing single at the terminus as sentry (Great Howe). Before him, that is towards Keswick, the mountains stand one behind the other in orderly array, as if evoked by and attentive to the white vested wizards."

One can never stand at the Druids' Circle without a thought of his first view of that fair scene, or without a sigh to think of his wife thirty years later taking her last farewell of the Keswick vale from that same viewpoint.

We learn from Dorothy's journal that Coleridge on that tour saw Grasmere vale and Rydal water first from

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

From a Drawing by Daniel Maclise, which appeared originally in Frazer's Magazine.

Rischgitz Collection.

the western side of both those lakes, for writing under date January 31st, 1802: "We walked round the two lakes; Grasmere was very soft and Rydal was extremely beautiful from the western side. . . . I always love to walk that way because it is the way I first came to Rydal and Grasmere, and because our dear Coleridge did so."

It was in the Grasmere vale that Coleridge found his first home and his last lakeland sanctuary; Dorothy Wordsworth makes this entry in her journal: "June 22, 1800. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley came. The day was very warm; we sailed to the foot of Loughrigg. They stayed with us three weeks." And it was to Wordsworth's "newly entered house" at Allan Bank in the autumn of 1808 he came "in better health and spirits and mental activity"—for he had placed himself under the care and inspection of a physician—to spend his last year and a half of lakeland life.

It is clear that the charm of scenery was still as great upon him as it was when, writing to Godwin in 1800, he speaks of Greta Hall as having such a prospect that if impressions and ideas constitute one's being, he "should have a tendency to become a god," for in a letter to Tom Poole from Allan Bank on October 9th, 1809, he says, "You never beheld, I will answer for it, such combinations of exquisite beauty with sufficient grandeur of elevation, even in Switzerland."

It seems right, though it is reversing the order of things, to speak of Coleridge's connection with Grasmere first, for it was to the Grasmere vale he returned with his sons that they might be schooled by Parson Dawes of Ambleside, when he came to stay at Allan Bank as writer and publisher of the *Friend*. It was in the Grasmere vale that the son whom the fond father had described in "Christabel,"

> "A little child, a limber elf,
> Singing, dancing to itself,
> A fairy thing with red, round cheeks
> That always finds and never seeks,"

grew up to middle age, beloved of all the fellside folk and humble cottagers, and "Lile" Hartley in becoming a household name ere his body was carried to its rest in the Grasmere churchyard, has kept the memory of Coleridge fresh upon "all the circle of the hills."

If one were asked what spots seem most associated in the Grasmere neighbourhood with S. T. Coleridge, one would say, Dove Cottage par excellence. Thither he spent days of almost every week or month in 1800, 1801, and 1802. It was there he discovered the rustic seat in the orchard, for himself and Dorothy. It was there he would come, blind almost from the storm he had faced on his way from Keswick, or bewildered by the moonlight of a tramp across the Fells. There he was on one occasion tenderly nursed back from weakness to strength by the two devoted women of the household. There, too, as after at Allan Bank, did Sara Hutchinson, for whom he entertained such sincere affection, work as his amanuensis; there in the half-kitchen, half-parlour, would he sometimes sit up all night at his essay writing, or talk to an understanding audience—"fit though few"—till the dawn.

The poem that seems specially associated with Dove Cottage is the little *jeu d'esprit*, an ode to the Rain, but though the poem beginning,

> "Friend of the wise and teacher of the good,"

written after hearing Wordsworth recite the "Prelude," was born at Coleorton, it would seem to have within it echoes of Dove Cottage evenings with the starlight and

From a Miniature. **Sara Coleridge, the Poet's Daughter.**

"Of Sara it has been said that 'her father looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own.' Her beauty and grace were as remarkable as her talents, her learning, and her accomplishments; but her chief characteristic was 'the radiant spirituality of her intellectual and imaginative being.'"—J. Dykes Campbell's "Samuel Taylor Coleridge."

Rischgitz Collection.

the foam of wind-driven waters beneath the moon, which were seen from Dove Cottage in the olden time, when nothing intervened between it and the lake. And there may be a memory of the garden arbour, and the garden spring, and the rosy flicker of the "half-kitchen and half-parlour fire" at Dove Cottage in a poem written in 1807, entitled "A Day-dream." The two beloved women therein commemorated can be none other than the sisters Mary and Sara Hutchinson.

"Sara and Mary Crag," "Brother John's Grove," Easedale Tarn were all beloved of Coleridge, and high up on Nabscar is a caverned recess which he discovered on a day of scramble and ramble, much to the delight of Dorothy and Wordsworth, whose poem of "The Broom and Eglantine" led them thither.

Dungeon Ghyll must have made strong impression upon the poet, and the prospect over Windermere from Loughrigg was never forgotten. What bell it was he heard over Windermere, I know not, though there was of old time a loud bell rung to summon the ferryman at Lowground, near Bowness; but in Part II. of "Christabel" we read of

From a Drawing by Patten Wilson. **The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.**

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,

And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.
Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire!
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and ev'ry track
Was a flash of golden fire."

—"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

(Reproduced from "Selections from Coleridge," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

"the warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha head to Wyndermere."

And we hear of ghosts of the three sinful sextons that are pent

"In Langdale pike and witches' lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent
With ropes of rock and bells of air";

I may be wrong, and it is not well to localise a poem too strictly, but I never visit Dungeon Ghyll without calling to mind the lines from "Christabel":

"They stood aloof the scars remaining
Like cliffs that have been rent asunder."

On Kirkstone Pass in perilous buffeting of storm, or at Grisedale Tarn in sleet and snow, one meets the ghost of Coleridge on his way from the Penrith printer or from his friend Clarkson's house at Eusemere. But it is upon Helvellyn that one remembers him best; seven years after he had left this countryside, he was back in thought to the mountain that in his day gave, to all who climbed its crest, a chance of a cup of crystal clear, and wrote the poem entitled "The Knight's Tomb":

"Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree."

It was probably of Helvellyn he was thinking when he penned the poem entitled "Time Real and Imaginary," which begins:

"On the wide level of a mountain's head."

Coleridge never forgot his evening ascent and his descent by moonlight of Helvellyn in August of 1800, when the stones beneath the moss moved under his feet as if the mysterious mountain slope were all alive.

Yet the road that knew Coleridge best in the Lake District was the road from Keswick to Grasmere, and if there was one spot more sacred to his memory till the thirst of Manchester submerged it, it was Sara's Rock or the Rock of Names by Thirlmere's side. There in 1800 and 1801 and 1802, one gathers from Dorothy Wordsworth's journal that few weeks and months elapsed without a meeting of the friends of Greta Hall and Town End Cottage. Sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in miserable depression did Coleridge turn from Sara's Rock for home. There verses were read, poems planned. There heart spoke to heart, mind lent its light to mind, and there, too, on the unyielding volcanic rock, the friends with patient labour inscribed their initials,

"Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave,"

and gave the rock

"a trust to keep
Long after they were laid asleep."

One may, as one gazes across Thirlmere, remember that Coleridge cared, as Dorothy Wordsworth also cared, much for the tramp across the Armboth fells to Watenlath; that he often with his friends climbed Great Howe, or picnicked by the River Bure, which in those days rustled through the tangled thickets beneath.

But it is of the Keswick neighbourhood we must now speak: of Greta Hall and its great upper room, which became through the kindness of Jackson the Waggoner —"that truly good and affectionate man and father to my children, and a friend to me," as Coleridge calls him—the poet's residence on July 24th, 1800.

The room chiefly associated with Coleridge at Greta Hall was "the organ room," as it was called, at the north-western end of the first floor, but till Southey came with his Cottonian library to share the house, Coleridge worked in the large drawing-room. In a letter to Poole in November, 1800, he says, "The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes. The two lakes, the vale, the river; and mountains and mists and clouds and sunshine make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were for ever talking together." It was in that room that he who caught his power to talk from earth and sky, poured forth his torrents of conversation to Charles Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Samuel Rogers and others of his guests; and it was hither that little Hartley, and Stumpy Canary, as Derwent was called, would come hand in hand with Nurse Wilsey or kindly Mr. Jackson, to delight their father with the wisdom of childish philosophies. Very different children they were, these two. Southey said wickedly, "All Hartley's guts are in his brains, all

Derwent's brains are in his guts," but they were Coleridge's teachers, they and the little quiet creature Sara, "with large blue eyes that seemed to bask in a sunshine as mild as moonlight of her own happiness." "Next to the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton, they are," wrote Coleridge to his friend Sotheby, "the three books from which I have learned the most, and the most important, and with greatest delight."

The poem that seems associated with the Greta Hall grounds is the "Keepsake." It has been a late summer, the tedded hay and corn-sheaves are in one field, fox-gloves and the wild rose have passed, but with unerring observation the poet knows that the woodbine is still in flower, and Emmeline is described as lightly stealing in the cool morning twilight:

"Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth scarcely moving river-pool."

If in "Thekla's Song" we are transported to Friars' Crag on a stormy night, in the last verse of the "Snowdrop" we are again by the banks of Greta in the wood below Greta Hall.

It is at Greta Hall the poet is standing when in the poem entitled "Dejection," he watches the new moon with "the old moon in her lap." On the 4th of April, 1802, he wrote that saddest of all his poems which was given to the world by the *Morning Post* on the very day that Wordsworth was so happily married, and who that reads it can fail to think with compassion of the man who had begun to find "the rift within the lute" of his domestic happiness was stifling his own power of song and putting him out of tune with all the harmony of home?

Coleridge was a lover of the clouds if ever poet was. To him a sky without them was "like a theatre at noon," and it was fortunate he pitched his tent on a hill from which on most days and most nights he could watch memorable "goings on" in the heavens.

Few could have better described the play of light and shade, the cloud and sunshine and the colour upon ancient Skiddaw than did this dweller upon Greta Hill in his poem "A Stranger Minstrel":

"Thou ancient Skiddaw, by thy helm of cloud,
And by thy many-coloured chasms deep,
And by their shadows that for ever sleep,
By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
Along the edges of those spots of light,
Those sunny islands on thy smooth green height";

From a Drawing by Patten Wilson.

Kubla Khan.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

—Kubla Khan.

(Reproduced from "Selections from Coleridge," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

and few better knew the loveliness of "Greta, dear domestic stream," which in his poem, "Recollections of Love," he recalls, as he lies on the honey-scented couch of "seaward Quantock's heathery hills."

Few were the years he spent among our hills, and for much of that time Coleridge was not in the singer's mood, but how deeply our lakeland scenery touched his heart, and how truly he described the impressions it made, the reader, with the mountain spell upon him, who cares to study his poems, will gratefully acknowledge.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By H. Belloc.

IT is of capital importance that the French Revolution should be understood in England. It is more important for us than for the continental nations because its effect upon their lives is obvious: its effect upon ours, though enormous, has been obscure, and above all, tardy. A peasant proprietor upon the Rhine, or in the plain of Lombardy, though he may not have heard the name of the Revolution, has its effects all around him—its system of law, its great straight roads, its organised bureaucracy, its military plan. He takes for granted the major part of its political thesis; his whole society was renewed from a date which coincides with that of the arrival of the French armies.

Nothing of this obvious sort took root in England. The map of the country, the coinage, the traditions of government, the system of law, the recruiting of the forces—all the externals have remained the same. The spirit of our society has profoundly changed, and any

comprehensive view of Europe will determine the historian that the change has proceeded from the general Revolutionary effort whose centre happened to fall in France. But the external form has not changed. We have enormously extended the basis of our suffrage, because the modern spirit demands the revolutionary conception of the citizen. Of the total possible voters in England, more than half actually do vote, and seven-tenths could vote if everybody who possessed the suffrage exercised it. But the method of registration, the complicated old basis upon which the right to a vote reposes, we have retained.

It is this contrast between our external forms and the modern European spirit which is permeating us upon every side, which makes it of such moment that the French Revolution should be clearly seized by the English mind: its motives, its results, the way in which it has moulded and is moulding the civilisation to which we belong.

We possess little of good written history upon the subject. It is of course a foreign subject to us, and we have tended of late years to concentrate upon our own recent history. Still, it is curious—considering the mass that has been written—how little has been written in the spirit of objective history. We have one extraordinarily vivid piece of rhetoric—Carlyle's book—one very voluminous and very accurate piece of work—Mr. Morse Stephens' book—and a certain number of monographs and essays. But Carlyle's book is nearly seventy years old, and was written before the modern machinery for writing history had been so much as invented, while Mr. Morse Stephens' book only covers the first year or two of the movement. It is a pity, for no one can touch Mr. Morse Stephens upon this subject.

We are now offered in the eighth volume of the Cambridge Modern History what is intended for a complete review of the period in question: a review constructed upon the latest and most scientific of methods, and presenting in an encyclopædic manner every point of importance between the Assembly of the Notables and Brumaire.

The book must, of course, be read in the spirit of the whole series to which it belongs. That series, we need hardly remind the reader, was designed under the direction of the late Lord Acton to provide a general view of the whole of modern history. Each volume was to be produced by the collaboration of the best authorities upon the subject, and each was to be as far as possible final, so that the reader might trust to it as the best, latest and most general relation of each period. Three volumes have already appeared—the first upon the Renaissance, of which I believe the third edition is now selling; the seventh, upon the United States; the second, upon the Reformation. The volume before me, though the eighth in chronological order, is the fourth to be issued. Each is upon a very generous scale of over 700 closely printed pages, and each examines its subject, not only in the order of time, but also from various special aspects which it may suggest.

Such a series challenges comparison, of course, with the *Histoire Générale* of Rambaud and Lavisse. It has the great advantage over the French compilation that there is room for any amount of detail, but this advantage is in danger of being thrown away if the editing is unable to secure unity of design and a similar level of merit throughout the volume. Those best able to judge have discovered this merit to be conspicuous, where the Renaissance, the Reformation and the history of America were concerned. It is impossible for the present reviewer to say that the same is true of this series of essays upon the French Revolution. They not only differ in value to a degree which should be inadmissable in such a volume, but—what is far graver—the unity of spirit is lacking.

Thus we have a chapter upon Brumaire, written by the first English authority upon Napoleon; it is as excellent as anything that has been written in recent history. It combines in the highest degree the three requisites of good history. It presents vividly; it selects justly; it states accurately:—

"At last, nudged by Bourrienne and Bethier, he stammered to a conclusion, turned on his heel. . . ."

The three verbs in this sentence are not vague but particular; they call up a vivid picture; they select what was important in the gestures in that half minute when Bonaparte left the hall, and they relate what actually happened. He *was* nudged, he *did* stammer, he *did* turn upon his heel. Or again:

"The legislators of the last revolutionary assembly of France were pursuing their devious flight through the park under the opaque mist of a November evening, and leaving shreds of their crimson robes on the orange trees."

This is very good; there *was* a mist, the mist *was* opaque—their robes *were* red, and shreds of them *did* catch upon the trees—and these trees *were* orange trees. To write history as though it was good fiction and yet to see that all you imply by adjective and verb and noun is accurate, to imply it as tersely as possible without stating it baldly for a fact, and to choose only what is necessary for the building up of a picture of the things and of the mind of a period, that is to do what Michelet demanded of every historian "to call up a resurrection of the flesh." Now contrast with first-class work of this kind, the following passage from another hand: it deals with the trial of Marie Antoinette:

"Her counsel's defence was perfunctory, and after Hermann had summed up, and the jury had deliberated for an hour, a verdict of guilty on all counts was brought in. At 7 a.m. on October 16th, Marie Antoinette was conveyed in a cart to the Place de la Révolution."

This is emphatically the way history ought *not* to be written. One of the most vivid and moving pictures in history is left without a single note of colour, or climate, or atmosphere, or sound, or anything that could recall its physical character. Now if one were to reconstruct that picture from all the known records, how would it read? Something like this:—

"It was dark, the early hours of a damp October morning. A few candles lit the crowded and oppressive room; the Queen, haggard and aged, her ruddy hair gone ashen (she was not forty years of age), and one eye glazed, half blind from her imprisonment—stood erect in a black dress that framed the astonishing fineness of her skin. She made no gestures of contempt, or even of fear. She moved her fingers gently upon the bar before her as the sentence was passed, and looked up, if anything wearily, at the bench of judges, at

From a Painting by Arthur C. Cooke.

Christabel and Geraldine.

"They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
. . . . . .
Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare;
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom."
—Christabel.

(Reproduced by courteous permission of the Artist.)

Photo by Henry Dixon and Son.

the set, legal mouth of their chief, and their curious headgear of plumes."

There is a difference between this and the historian of the Cambridge History.

But his passage is not only feeble, it is inaccurate. In those three and a half lines there are three errors: the Queen's counsel were not perfunctory in her defence; they went so far as to risk their liberty; secondly, though the verdict *was* "guilty on all counts," they were *not* the counts which are printed a few lines above by Mr. McDonald; thirdly, it was *not* at 7 a.m., but at 11 that Marie Antoinette got into the cart.

This unevenness runs through the book. Nothing could be more accurate or terse, or moderately put than Mr. Higg's excellent little chapter on finance. Similarly admirable is the chapter upon law from the hand of a French Professor, who, like most of his fellow-countrymen, is severely critical of his own people, and leans rather to regret the clean sweep which the Revolution made, and to admire the conservatism which has caused the English lawyers to maintain (for instance), in spite of its anachronism, the pre-revolutionary idea of evidence. But those chapters are quite exceptional.

The opening chapter upon the philosophy of the Revolution, though not of equal merit with these two, is far superior to most that is written upon the same subject. It follows, indeed, the usual Oxford round; it ascribes to the Stoics the origin of a doctrine common to all religions, and it follows Sir Henry Maine in mistranslating the most important of all the sentences in the Contrat Social. It ascribes also to that work the modern confusion between the "General Will" and "The Majority," a confusion which the logical, precise and lively intelligence of Rousseau could never have entertained. These errors are the commonplaces of the University: the excellencies are original. The Professor clearly points out that the Contrat Social is not responsible for the essay on human inequality of seven years before; and he is careful to show how unworkable Rousseau knew his theory to be in a large state. Professor Willert should, perhaps, have told his readers that Rousseau promised to describe in a further work how the advantages of a small democracy could be reconciled with the existence of a large state, and it is probable that he had in his mind some such system of federation as those truest disciples of Rousseau, the founders of the American Republic, devised sixteen years after the publication of his political gospel.

The bibliography at the end of the book is as thorough as it could be; the index and the Chronological Table, on the other hand, are bad. For instance, if you want the flight to Varennes you will not find it under V, nor even under F; you have to find it under Louis. The Armoire de Fer is not to be found under Armoire, nor under Fer, nor under Iron; nor under Safe, and so far as I can make out, it is not in the index at all; moreover there is internal evidence of the negligence with which the Chronological Table was drawn up. Among the many errors scattered up and down the book is one which will seem of greater or less importance according to the

From a Drawing by A. Wivell. **Samuel Taylor Coleridge.**

"Figure a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, and relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange brown, timid, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, and a great bush of grey hair; and you have some faint idea of Coleridge. He is a kind, good soul, full of religion and affection, and poetry and animal magnetism."—Carlyle's "Life of Sterling."

Rischgitz Collection.

reader's acquaintance with the Revolution. The death of Mirabeau is put down on page 199 to a wrong date, April 4th. If the chronological table had been drawn up by an historian conversant with the Revolution this error would have been detected. It has, on the contrary, been repeated in the list of events given at the end of the volume.

But one's principal complaint against the book must still be the way in which the central core of the Revolution is treated. The period between the declaration of war and the return of Danton from Arcis (spring of '92 to autumn of '93) is the essential period when an orderly and useless reform was transfigured, and turned into a frenzied apostolate and crusade which has transformed the world. This, which ought to be better done than anything else in the book, is done the worst. It suffers from two grave faults: it is insufficient, and it is inaccurate. I do not refer to an inaccuracy of judgment; for it would be impossible within the limits of a review to show why it is false to call Robespierre (for instance) cowardly, or to assert that Marie Antoinette at the end of 1791 was not planning or desiring war. I refer to insufficiencies and inaccuracies in matters of fact.

Here is an example of insufficiency: an essential point in the great quarrel between the Girondins and the mountain was the accusation against Roland that he had tampered with the documents in the Armoire de Fer. Mr. Fletcher in his notes upon Carlyle lets his reader believe that Roland did so tamper. He quotes the accusation and says nothing about the arguments against it. Now, Mr. McDonald, here, in this book, has evidently depended upon Mr. Fletcher's learning; but Mr. Fletcher had the excuse that the recent proof of Roland's innocence (in the sworn testimony recently discovered at the Archives) came perhaps too late to be included in his notes. Mr. McDonald has no such excuse. So far from clearing Roland, he does not seem to know that the matter has been settled.

With an example of what lengths the inaccuracy can reach to I will close. I will take for this example perhaps the most important event of the whole Revolution, and one on which certainly more eye-witnesses are to be found than on any other: the attack on the Palace, 10th of August, 1792. Here is the Cambridge History:—

". . . . The total force of the defenders was probably about 2,500. . . . The Swiss presented a resolute front, and resisted the blandishments of Westermann, who harangued them in their own tongue. Who fired the first shot was never known; if it came from the Swiss, it must be remembered that they were being subjected to the greatest provocation. It was followed by a volley from the Swiss on the grand staircase and another from the first floor windows. The crowd hastily retreated across the Carrousel, and found shelter among the buildings that encumbered the square. An ineffective exchange of shots continued for about three-quarters of an hour. The Swiss then cleared the square by a sally, and had almost obtained a comparatively bloodless victory over their cowardly opponents, when an order arrived from the King that they should cease firing and withdraw to their barracks . . . . his actual written order, coming when it did, was a piece of culpable folly, and simply handed over the lives of his devoted bodyguard to the mob. . . . The rioters, though not without hesitation, took possession of the palace. The loss on the popular side during the fighting has been estimated at 100 killed and sixty severely wounded. Of the defenders, it may be said that practically no one was killed during the fighting."

Now what are the facts?

The total force at the disposal of the King on the night of the 9th was not 2,500. It was almost exactly double. It was 4,970 men, as nearly as we can compute it. The addition is quite easy. 950 Swiss, 300 Gendarmes, 1,500 of the ex-bodyguard, 120 volunteers, and 2,000 of the National Guard. Who fired the first shot is *not* unknown; it is thoroughly well known that the first shot was fired by order of the officers in the upper story against the populace who were just below mingling with the Swiss at the great door. The motive of the firing was obvious; there had been a great many desertions from the gunners and gendarmes, Westermann was talking to the Swiss in their own tongue, and the officers evidently feared disaffection. The volley from the grand staircase was the *second*, not the first. The Swiss had *not* "almost obtained a bloodless victory." 100 fell on the popular side at the first volley, among them the Commander of the Marseilles Battalion. The square was never cleared; nor was it as they were "almost obtaining" any victory at all, bloody or bloodless, that the Swiss received the King's orders to stop firing. D'Hervilly had that order in his pocket; he arrived in the middle of the battle and was careful not to deliver the order until the Swiss were hopelessly defeated. The populace did *not* "occupy not without hesitation" a place from which the garrison had retreated; they repeatedly charged it with the utmost courage, and finally forced it from the southern end. Lastly, if it has been "estimated" that the victors lost 100 killed, the estimate is ridiculous; the exact numbers will of course never be known, but the number of (to quote but

one eye witness) killed upon both sides was certainly many thousands; Adhemar watched the stretchers for hours going round picking up the killed and wounded late into the night.

Mr. McDonald has simply copied Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher has simply copied the royalist Mortimer Ternaux (Bk. viii.). Mortimer Ternaux was an honest if fanatical writer. But he wrote forty years ago, and his list of authorities is jejune. If Mr. McDonald has read modern work—such a monograph as Pollio and Marcel's, for instance—he shows no sign of it.

Serious history should surely demand more care.

New Books.

THE CASE AGAINST RUSSIA.*

Of these three volumes, the two first deal almost exclusively with the internal condition, social, economic, and political, of Russia, whilst Mr. Weale's handsome, illuminating, and vigorous pages contain the substance of letters written during the autumn of 1903 upon the position of Russia in Manchuria. All three, however, are alike in two respects. They are shamefully destitute of any index—a defect which seriously impairs their usefulness. And they converge, from various sides, upon a reasoned, often an impassioned, exposure of the Russian bureaucratic system in its home and foreign workings. The German baron's closely printed pages contain a searching and unsympathetic analysis of M. de Witte's financial policy, which may be taken as an antidote to Le Roy Beaulieu. His hatred of the Chinese, and his contrast of America and Russia (p. 297) are overdrawn, while his Lutheran instincts perhaps tend to make him rather unjust to the patent superstitions of the Greek Church. But his arguments are based on original documents, and, so far as such evidence carries one into an understanding of any nation, it is serviceable. Both he and Dr. Joubert are careful to distinguish between the Russian officialdom and the Russians. The former, with its over-strained ambitions for an imperial sway abroad and for rigid uniformity at home, with its almost incredible system of corruption (of which Mr. Weale furnishes instances that seem germane only to financial novels), and with its obstinate contempt for European culture and institutions, is blamed unanimously for the greater part of the flimsiness apparent in the modern state of Russia. Small hope rests in the Church. Its schools are of slight value. Religious instruction there assumes the form of polemic against the pious Stundists, and Dr. Joubert, surely with exaggerated bluntness, dubs the Russian missionary a political spy or pioneer of Russian aggression. Anyhow, it is pathetic to hear of a nation with a general thirst for education, and of a Government which either obstructs or misdirects the efforts of the people to secure facilities for acquiring knowledge. Baron Brüggen has only vague suggestions to offer by way of practical reform. The prospects of a revolution he does not think much of. Only let Russia purge her official class, adopt sound economic principles, and confine her expansion to commercial suzerainty in Turkestan and Persia, and all will be well for herself and other people. Such is the German's mild prescription. The Frenchman does not prescribe. He lectures Russia and the Czar in a sarcastic, bitter tone, due to the intolerable iniquities and sufferings of which he has been an eye-witness. His eager, sharp book is not much of a unity. The third part is an account of how he rescued a friend from Siberia, the second describes the Jew in Russia, and the first is a rapid sketch of "Holy Russia." By the time he has finished, "holy" has rather a sinister sound. Tolstoy's influence marks for him one of the few redeeming features in the situation. Otherwise, "it is useless to disguise the fact that all Russian men, from the Holy Tsar downwards, are, with few exceptions, moujiks. The hot Tartar blood is so close to the surface that the thin veneer of civilisation is unable to keep it in check. A moment of anger, a pair of flashing eyes, an extra glass of *stara vodka*, will suffice to reduce the polished Russian gentleman to the level of the moujik." Dr. Joubert writes from an intimate personal acquaintance with the country, which lends his pages considerable value and distinct interest as the transcript of personal impressions. But he scarcely attempts to be judicial, and his rough generalisations are, like those of Taine, often too simple to be satisfactory.

In a less degree, this element of bias attaches to Mr. Weale's examination of Russia's policy and position in Manchuria. The present writer has heard rather different accounts of Russian work from the lips of men who had been on the spot; but no qualifying process can evaporate the leading thesis of these splendidly appointed pages, with their maps and photographs and exhaustive discussion of the situation. "The outside is all right—it is the inside which damns. An utter lack of comfort, privacy, or cleanliness is the distinguishing mark of all, and if ever man confessed himself unworthy of the heritage of the Far East, it is the Russian of to-day, who is reaching out, with cries (charged with bluff alone) that his Oriental destiny is fulfilling itself." Bad business methods, treachery, carelessness, and ostentation, form the sum of Mr. Weale's indictment against the Russian occupation of Manchuria. His pages were written before the war broke out. But in several instances, as in the case of Dalny and Ta-shih-ch'iao, his prognostications have proved correct; in others, every month will show how far

* "Russia of To-day." From the German of Baron E. von der Brüggen. By M. Sandwith. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)
"Russia as it Really Is." By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)
"Manchu and Muscovite." By B L. Putnam Weale. 10s. (Macmillan and Co.)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

From the Original Painting by Thomas Philips, R.A., in the possession of Mr. John Murray, and reproduced by his kind permission.

"In its present state, the eyes appear too large, too globose, and their colour must be made lighter, and I thought that the face, exclusive of the forehead, was stronger, more energetic than mine seems to be when I catch it in the glass, and therefore the forehead and brow less so—not in themselves, but in consequence of the proportion."—Letter to J. H. Green, 1819.

Rischgitz Collection.

The Room in Mr. Gillman's House, the Grove, Highgate,

Which served as a study and bedroom for the poet, and in which he died on the 25th of July, 1834, aged 62.

"His great and dear spirit haunts me; never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died in more passionately than when he lived. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel."—Charles Lamb.

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by kind permission of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

he has been able to read the signs of the times with accuracy. He has no doubt that Japanese efficiency must in the long run overcome slow corruption, but the run may indeed be long. Even the fall of Port Arthur he regards as far from a final blow. "Indeed, it would seem that the destruction of the Russian fleet and the seizure of the Kuantung territory will simply be the preliminary hammer-strokes of the God Mars, and that the great war will only then commence in earnest. It is not unlikely that the end will be financial exhaustion with vast armies entrenched opposite one another." Whatever be the value of this or of Mr. Weale's other predictions, his book remains an almost indispensable handbook to serious students of the Manchurian question, none the less likely to be acceptable to Englishmen that it is sanely pro-Japanese.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, aged 61.

From a Pencil-Sketch by J. Kayser, of Kaiserworth, now in the possession of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

"He looked very old with his rounded shoulders, and drooping head, and excessively thin limbs. His eyes were as wonderful as they were ever represented to be—light grey, extremely prominent, and actually glittering. . . . I am glad to have seen his weird face, and heard his dreamy voice; and my notion of possession, prophecy, of involuntary speech from involuntary brain action has been clearer since."—Harriet Martineau.

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by kind permission of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS: HOBBES.*

There is a melancholy interest attached to this work, as the last literary effort of its author, who wrote it when in the grasp of a mortal and painful disease. Yet it shows no evidence of mental exhaustion, and easily takes rank as one of the best volumes in this excellent series of literary biographies.

It is easy now, across the vista of the intervening two centuries, to survey without prejudice the career of Thomas Hobbes, and to form a judicial estimate of his position in the world of letters and philosophy. Throughout his long life he stood prominently before his contemporaries not only as a literary man and a thinker, but also as a vigorous political and polemical writer, one who could be a warm partisan, and who attracted to himself the affection and regard of many influential friends, while at the same time he was a past master in the "gentle art of making enemies."

The literary side of his life seems especially to have appealed to the sympathies of his biographer, and it is treated with the appropriate judgment and taste which we expect in anything from the pen of Sir Leslie Stephen, but to those who desire a more scientific account of his position as a philosopher, the admirable monograph published about three years ago by Professor Croom Robertson will be found fuller and more satisfactory.

The life of Hobbes spanned the interval between Bacon and Locke, during which period his obtrusive personality, his clear, direct and vigorous style of expression, and the comparative novelty of his method, combine to make him a more prominent figure in the history of English thought than the actual value of his contributions to philosophy warrants.

One of the most interesting points in his writings is the psychological revelation which they give of their author. Never was a writer more consistent in his inconsistencies. Bold and audacious in expression, yet an arrant coward, morally and physically; professing a disbelief in the existence of a soul, yet at the same time arguing in favour of immortality; contemptuous of the authority of ancient writers, yet labouring to show that his views were conformable to the Scriptures, and marshalling texts as if he believed they were conclusive of controversies; to him the universe, even God Himself, consisted of nothing but atoms in motion, yet thought and incorporeal phantasies were freely invoked to deliver him from the logical dilemmas into which his consistent materialism led him; a despiser of the experimental side of science, yet one of the founders of psychology on the basis of an observation of phenomena; an ardent lover of mathematics, yet so led away by the chimeras of circle-squaring and cube-duplication that he could not, or would not, see the cogency of the demonstration of their absurdity; shrewd in controversy and quick to detect the fallacies of his opponents, yet blind to the refutation of his own blunders. Nevertheless in spite of all these idiosyncracies he wielded an influence that widely affected the thought of his contemporaries and successors.

Sir Leslie Stephen divides his study into four sections: (1) A biographical sketch of the life of Hobbes; (2) the philosophy of "The World," as set forth in the essay, "*De Corpore*"; (3) "Man," as his nature is discussed in "*Leviathan*" and other treatises, and under this head he treats of Hobbes's views on psychology, theology, and on determinism; (4) "The State," as expounded in "*Leviathan*" and in the work "*De Corpore Politico*."

The fundamental principle of Hobbes's philosophy is the reduction of the universe to the manifestation of matter in motion. One of his critics, however, points out that Hobbes is only a materialist in his doctrine of method, and never attempts a materialistic metaphysic. Of this failure, however, he is quite unconscious, and he assumes that things are in accordance with his definitions, although he himself admits that these are purely arbitrary. His method is deduction, not induction, and he professes a dislike for experiment, developing abstract theories, based on a bird's-eye view of mental phenomena and political movements. In his system reality applies to things, truth to propositions concerning them, but the propositions are mere phantasies, not real, therefore truth and reality are divorced and unrelated. His style is intensely dogmatic, occasionally illuminated by

* "English Men of Letters: Hobbes." By Sir Leslie Stephen. 2s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

metaphor and analogy often irrelevant. Apparently he does not always see the true drift of his reasoning, or, if he does, he is too much under the influence of the environing *Zeitgeist* to confess it. He attempts to use a scientific method in the treatment of psychological and sociological problems, but his conclusions are often fallacious owing to the insufficiency of his data, and his frequent confusion of subject and object.

Although, as a monist, he rejects the dualism of Descartes, yet he is at one with the latter in his views on animal automatism, and strenuously opposes the doctrine of freewill. "A woodden top that is lasht by the Boyes and runs about sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another . . . if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own Will, unless it felt what lasht it. And is a man any wiser when he runns to one place for a Benefice, to another for a Bargain . . . because he thinks he doth it without other cause than his own will and seeth not what are the lashings that cause his Will?" In this manner he disposes of the antinomy of freewill and determinism with a dogmatism that would have pleased the Lord Chancellor in a recent *cause célèbre*. Yet throughout all his discussions on the subject he never, as Robertson puts it, comes within sight of the notion of personality, or even of character, as involved in self-determination.

From a Drawing by Gustave Doré.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

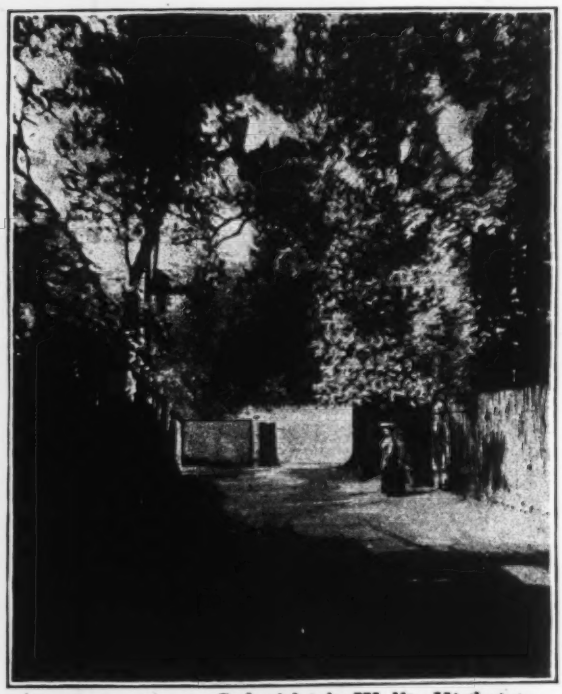
The Ancient Mariner.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead."
—"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

Hobbes's writings led him into many acrimonious controversies. What his contemporaries thought of their trend can be seen from such articles as Archbishop Tenison's "Hobbist Creed." To some of these discussions Sir Leslie Stephen has referred, but he does not deal with the most interesting of the polemical effects produced by his philosophical treatises, namely, the influence which they had in exciting the opposition of the contemporary school of the Cambridge Platonists. Henry More, in his essay on the "Immortality of the Soul," directly deals with Hobbes's views on that subject; and although Cudworth does not, so far as the writer can recollect, actually name Hobbes, only designating him paraphrastically as "a late pretender to politics," "a modern Atheistic pretender to wit," etc., yet the "True Intellectual System of the Universe" is, to a large extent, devoted to the critical discussion of his teaching. The constraint of literary traditionalism and the undue deference to the opinions of ancient philosophers somewhat mar the effect of Cudworth's refutation; yet although overweighted by ponderous quotations, and thus contrasting unfavourably with the forcible terseness of Hobbes, the Platonist succeeds in exposing trenchantly the weak points of his opponent, and puts a proper emphasis on the universality and permanence of moral distinctions which are not recognised in Hobbes's system.

That the writings of Hobbes stimulated scientific enquiry in psychology, ethics, and sociology, is seen by their influence on writers of his own and later date. Spinoza's philosophy, like that of Hobbes, was a monism, but Spinoza's "substance" was invested with infinite attributes, and was, in the ultimate analysis, the all-pervading Godhead not limited by any other existence, self-existent, therefore uncreated, of which the material universe cognisable by the senses is the manifestation, but which itself transcends the limits of the senses, and of which our notions of will and feeling, as well as of bodies, are modes. Berkeley's monism was one of whichconscious mind is the centre, the Universe being the continuous presentation of significant sense-impressions which have their highest unity in the Divine Reason.

Hobbes's central political theory was based upon his view of the social contract. Each individual has his rights, but the highest good of the community demands that these rights, which by their collision make for contention and warfare, must be suppressed, and therefore to ensure the desired condition of peace there must be, on the part of all the component individuals of the community, the renunciation of the will of each, and its subordination to the will of one, or to that of a unified governing body (this concession being made during the dominance of the Parliamentary party). By this concord, peace, which is the condition of security, is obtained. The contract is between the units, and they agree to confide the government to a sovereign whom they thus



Coleridge's Walk, Highgate.

Coleridge's favourite walk was along the avenue of elms running from Highgate to Hampstead past the seven ponds. It was here the poet thought out, or actually composed, a great part of his work, whilst living with the Gillmans. Here, too, he met Keats, then a mere youth, for the first and only time.

create (the mortal god or Leviathan), to whom they are pledged to render implicit obedience, and who has the power to control and order even matters of religious belief and worship. The sovereign thus created is under no obligation to his subjects, but is himself the source of all obligation.

It is interesting to contrast with this the social contract as expounded later by Rousseau. By this contract, which is the basis of all society, each man surrenders his will to the will of all, in order thereby to obtain protection, but in the community thus organised each member has the right to have a voice in the making of the laws. The community is the true sovereign, and any single ruler is a usurper of the power which is the right of all, upon whom no laws can be binding but such as gain the consent of the whole people.

The Grove, Highgate.

The house of James Gillman, Esq., surgeon, where Coleridge resided from 1816 until his death in 1834.

"The Gillmans gave our poet a more luxurious refuge at Highgate than he had had with the kind Morgans at Hammersmith. They were then living at No. 3, in The Grove, and had a portion of the roof raised in order to gain a room where he could place his great book chests and work undisturbed. His windows overlooked—and overlook still—a beautiful view of the Nightingale Valley, with the green heights behind, the shady walks and half-hidden villas of Hampstead."—A. Brandl's "Life of Coleridge."

The opinions of Hobbes upon the current events of his time are best set forth in "Behemoth," which is a vivid embodiment of his political predilections and antipathies. To this Stephen makes only a few passing allusions. To the controversies with Bramhall and Wallis he refers at greater length. In the discussions with the latter Hobbes gives us a good specimen of his polemical method, which often descended to mere Billingsgate, especially in the tract entitled "Stigmai, or Marks of the Absurd Geometry, Rural Language, Scottish Church Politicks, and Barbarismes of John Wallis."

The revived interest at the present day in the works of Hobbes is shown by the recent republication of the "Leviathan" by the Cambridge University Press. To any of those who desire to study this or any of the other writings of the author, we can heartily commend Sir Leslie Stephen's work as a worthy introduction. ALEX. MACALISTER.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.*

Those who are familiar with the second volume of David Jardine's "Criminal Trials," and S. R. Gardiner's "What Gunpowder Plot Was," will find little that is fresh in Mr. Sidney's pages. He has, of course, utilised the researches of both Jardine and Gardiner; but he has not followed them slavishly; and, although he agrees with their conclusions in the main, he differs from them in some details. His work is not to be compared with Jardine's as a storehouse of facts on the Gunpowder Plot; nor with Gardiner's, as an exhibition of acute reasoning, keen insight, and historical grasp. Students may indeed be inclined to disdain it, because of the paucity of the vouchers and their vagueness. Nevertheless, it is fitted to fill a gap, inasmuch as it tells the story in a popular form, and is an independent, honest study of a difficult subject. The style is pleasing, though by no means brilliant. The attractiveness of the volume is increased by the sixteen facsimile illustrations from old prints, and by the clear type and tasteful binding.

While acquitting the Roman Catholics, as a body, of complicity in the plot, Mr. Sidney holds that all the conspirators were rigid Roman Catholics; that the object of the plot was to destroy "by one diabolical stroke, the power of Protestantism in Great Britain, for the purpose of restoring to its old and supreme position the fallen faith of Rome"; that every one of the plotters had a Jesuit for his confessor; and that, if the plot had proved a success, "the Jesuits would have taken all the credit for themselves at Rome, and would have claimed that it was worked under their direction." Father Garnet, he affirms, was no martyr to the secrecy of the confessional, "for it can be shown that he was well aware of the proceedings of the conspirators from sources of information frequently given to him outside the confessional box"; and Father Greenway not only knew of their plans, "both in and out of the confessional," but to a certain extent "actually approved of their proceedings."

According to Guy Fawkes and Thomas Winter, it was Father Gerard who administered the sacrament to them and the other three original conspirators, immediately after they had taken the oath of secrecy; but they alleged that he was not acquainted with their purpose. Dr. Gardiner gives it as his "own opinion" that Gerard was innocent of any knowledge of the plot. Although Mr. Sidney admits that "he probably had some general inkling of the fact that something was being done, *sub rosa*, for the good of the Catholic cause," he emphatically affirms that "he knew nothing about the intended explosion at Westminster." On this matter, Mr. Sidney seems to regard as conclusive the statements of Fawkes, Winter, and Digby, and Gerard's own denial. As Digby is alleged to have "cleared all Jesuits and priests (to his knowledge) upon his salvation," his knowledge must have been imperfect, or he must have prevaricated, if Mr. Sidney's judgment of Garnet and Greenway is correct. Digby, how-

* "A History of the Gunpowder Plot, the Conspiracy and its Agents." By Philip Sidney. 5s. (The Religious Tract Society.)

ever, is said to have specially acquitted Gerard, for though he was particularly acquainted with him, "yet he never durst mention this matter, being fully assured that he would be wholly against it." Presuming that Digby was perfectly truthful, this statement does not absolutely clear Gerard, for he may have known of the plot through others. As Tierney, a Roman Catholic historian, has shown that Gerard was by no means scrupulous in his statements regarding the plot, his denials of his own complicity can hardly be accepted as satisfactory. To Mr. Sidney the statement that he had worked with the conspirators, when they were digging the mine, seems absurd; and yet, Anthony Smith, a secular clergyman, made affidavit before the vicar-apostolic in England that he had heard Gerard say that he had worked in the mine with the lay conspirators till his clothes were as wet with perspiration as if they had been dipped in water.

In Mr. Sidney's opinion, the result of his investigations has been not only to verify the authenticity of the traditional story of the plot, on the one hand, but to reveal, on the other hand, that the Government, or at least Salisbury, knew full well of the existence of the conspiracy long before the receipt of the warning letter by Mounteagle—"a transaction which," he says, "can best be described, in vulgar parlance, as a put-up job." The question of the previous knowledge or ignorance of the Government is declared by the present-day Father Gerard to be "the crucial point of the whole story." Salisbury certainly owned that he had sufficient advertisement that the Recusants had "a practice in hand"; but, he said, he never dreamed that it was of such a nature, and Mr. Sidney's reasons to the contrary are neither satisfactory nor convincing, and leave untouched the arguments of Dr. Gardiner.

Many speculations have been indulged in as to the authorship and handwriting of the famous warning letter. Mr. Sidney suggests that it was dictated by Francis Tresham, and penned by Anne Vaux, to whose handwriting, he thinks, it bears some resemblance. The letter, of which a facsimile is given, is somewhat like an imitation of printing. Mrs. Lomas, in her introduction to the recently issued third volume of the "Report on Manuscripts in Various Collections" (Hist. MSS. Com.), says that both Francis Tresham and his servant Vavasor "wrote small, neat hands, not unlike printing in their style"; and she adds: "The hand which really does bear considerable resemblance to that of the letter is Lewis Tresham's, but there is no reason to believe that he knew of the conspiracy."

If another edition of Mr. Sidney's book is called for, he ought to rid it of the numerous misprints by which it is sadly disfigured.

D. HAY FLEMING.

Coleridge Family Vault in the Crypt of the Grammar School Chapel at Highgate.

The vault contains the bodies of S. T. Coleridge, Sara his wife, his daughter Sara, his nephew and son-in-law, H. N. Coleridge, and his grandson, H. Coleridge (buried in 1861).

"Stop, Christian passer-by!—stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies; or that which once seemed he.
Mercy, for Praise—to be forgiven, for fame,
He asked and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same."
—Epitaph composed by Coleridge Nov. 9th, 1833.

Rischgitz Collection.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW NOVEL.*

"Double Harness" begins where most novels end, and ends where most begin. It begins with the marriage of the two principal characters, Grantley Imason and Sibylla Chiddingfold, and ends when, after much of misunderstanding and estrangement, Grantley goes a-wooing again the woman he has already won. Many will count this a greater book than any that have made its author famous; none can deny that it is, at least, a very different one—for here Mr. Hope returns from his romantic, imaginary kingdoms and his brilliantly flippant, somewhat superficial society comedies, and comes home to the fuller realities of human experience.

His latest novel is by way of being a more or less unideal romance of married lives, and the total effect of his pictures of that holy state is not particularly alluring. There are Tom Courtland and his shrewish, violent-tempered wife, Lady Harriett—a squalid and disastrous union, theirs, with an untimely death to bring divorce proceedings to a premature conclusion. The Raymores are happy enough, in a dull way, but they have a son who turns out badly. The harmony of the Selford household is marred by nothing worse than frequent petty tiffs. But John and Christine Fanshaw—well, Christine had a past in which Lord Caylesham had figured darkly, and while John is trying to act the part of peacemaker between the Courtlands, Lady Harriett spits this secret out at him in one of her ungovernable fits of rage, just after he has made Christine go, very reluctantly, to Caylesham (who is an old friend of both) and borrow fifteen thousand pounds to save him from financial ruin. The terrible mental tor-

* "Double Harness." By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

ment John subsequently endures, how he shrinks from letting either Caylesham or Christine know that he has learned their guilty secret, because he is in such desperate need of the money and cannot possibly speak out and keep it—the whole miserable position is subtly and powerfully realised and shaped to its pathetically, shabbily happy culmination with unerring insight.

Taking its course through the sorry comedy and tragedy of such sordidly eventful lives as these, runs the larger story of the wedded loves of Grantley and Sibylla. She enters upon their marriage with impossibly high and romantic ideals—ideals that neither Grantley, a strong-willed, healthy, reasonable country banker, nor any other man, could ever live up to. That wild fairy-ride of theirs a little before their wedding—when she mounts behind him on his horse and they gallop in an esctasy of joy over the moor towards the sunset—is an exquisite bit of writing, and the characteristic fashion in which, while Sibylla lives long after in the memory of it as in a heaven of dreams, Grantley can descend straightway to his dinner and his every-day habits of thought, foreshadows and interprets much that is to come.

For of course Sibylla is disillusioned. Grantley is undemonstrative and practical, and she is disappointed in him. Her marriage has not proved to be "the union her heart cried for," it was "less even than the partnership which naked reason seemed to claim. She had not become his very self, as he was of her very self—not part of him. . . . She made much less difference to Grantley Imason than she had looked to make; she was much less of and in his life, much less of an essence, more of an accretion. She was outside his innermost self—a stranger to his closest fastnesses. Was that the nature of the man, or the nature of the tie?" Circumstances attending the birth of their first child farther estrange them. She is convinced that Grantley cares nothing for their son; that he does not understand her, and has no real love for her, and she insists that they shall therefore lead separate lives, though she will remain under his roof. He is too proud and self-centred in these days to do other than coldly acquiesce in her desire. And it is at this period, when she is longing for the sympathy of a kindred soul, that she is thrown more into companionship with Walter Blake, no less her husband's friend than her own.

Blake is a good deal of an unconscious hypocrite, and more of a prig. He has left a lot of flirtations behind him, and under Sibylla's influence is desirous of becoming good, and feels that she is the only woman who can appreciate his innate nobility and help him to rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. In her estrangement from Grantley, in her lonely yearning for sympathy and affection, and the higher life, Sibylla is irresistibly drawn to accept this mission of enabling young Blake to realise his pure ideals. He is constantly with her; he expresses more interest in the baby than Grantley ever has done; he makes it clear to her that she is indispensable to him. Things cannot stand still at this stage always; Blake's passion grows; he pleads; he is imperative; and, as her manner is, Sibylla gradually persuades herself that, for his salvation, she is amply justified in deserting her child and sacrificing her own good name, and so yields, and sets out to run away with him.

Grantley is warned of this almost before she is gone, and goes in pursuit. He overtakes them at a small inn, in a fishing village, where they are awaiting the arrival of Blake's yacht, and the scene that follows is the biggest thing in the book; there is no sentiment in it, no pathos, except what lies almost invisible for the moment in the background; it is the sheer dramatic intensity of the situation that tells. Grantley's contemptuous disregard of Blake's presence is a fine thing; his quiet, unimpassioned statement of what he intends shall be the consequence to their child and himself if she insists upon going, and Blake's cowardly collapse in face of his coldly inexorable resolve, are wrought to a climax that is powerful and impressive from its very natural and inevitable tameness.

The study of these two characters, Grantley and Sibylla, so widely contrasted, yet so fittingly and perfectly mated when they can at last bring themselves to a common ground of understanding, is a masterly achievement; the whole story is cleverly constructed, and its people are made vividly alive, and marred and made lovable or detestable by their faults and follies and broken and patched ideals, with an intuition and a knowledge of human character and motive that is beyond the utmost reach of mere cleverness, and makes all the difference between the storyteller and the novelist.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

MR. JEROME'S "TOMMY AND CO."*

In many ways (though we are not forgetting "Paul Kelver") this is the best book Mr. Jerome has yet given us. The humour is less boisterous than in his earlier work; it is riper, truer, and, like all true humour, has for its undertone "the still, sad music of humanity," so that the pathos and the laughter are each part of the other, and sometimes almost indistinguishable from each other, as they are in life itself.

Perhaps the only undue strain that is put upon the reader's credulity comes early in the first chapter with the introduction of Tommy. Mr. Peter Hope, a middle-aged, hack-journalist, working and living alone in Gough Square, Fleet Street, is in want of a housekeeper. He is absorbed in his work one foggy evening when somebody knocks at his door and enters, and assuming that it is merely the printer's devil come for his "copy," he bids the intruder sit down, without looking up to see who it is. Finishing his writing, he peers over at the little white-faced creature seated patiently in waiting, and is surprised to find it is unfamiliar to him.

"'God bless my soul!' said Mr. Peter Hope. 'What is it?' The figure rose to its full height of five foot one and came forward slowly. Over a tight-fitting garibaldi of blue silk, excessively *décolleté*, it wore what once had been a boy's pepper-and-salt jacket. A worsted comforter wound round the neck still left a wide expanse of throat showing above the garibaldi. Below the jacket fell a long, black skirt, the train of which had been looped up about the waist and fastened with a cricket belt. 'Who are you? What do you want?' asked Mr. Peter Hope." The skirt is raised and reveals a pair of much-patched trousers, from the pocket of which the visitor produces a bill of fare of "Hammond's Eating House," and hands it to Peter Hope by way of introduction, going on to explain that he or she has been employed on that establishment, but hearing that Mr. Hope is in want of a housekeeper, has come after the situation. Peter Hope is puzzled; he is in doubt as to the sex of the applicant, and on enquiry is bewildered to learn that the applicant is equally in doubt on that score; and this ignorance, considering the age of the child and the life it had been leading, is more amusing than convincing.

The little waif, who is known indifferently as Tommy or Jane, appeals strongly to Peter's sympathies. He is a widower, and has a memory of the child that lies in the same grave with his wife; and almost in spite of himself he engages the small tyrant as a temporary housekeeper, and she so grows into his life and takes possession of him that, at length, he can no more bear to think of parting with her than if she had been his own daughter; and in this series of seven stories Mr. Jerome tells how Tommy blossomed into womanhood—tells the pleasant history of her upbringing, and gives illuminating and diverting glimpses into the widely differing lives that were lived by her and Peter's many and motley friends and acquaintance.

The stories deal largely with certain phases of journalistic experience in London, and especially with the founding and the chequered career of a new humorous journal of which Peter became editor, with Tommy for his sub. It is in picturing the members of the Autolycus Club, and recounting some of their adventures, that Mr. Jerome comes nearest to the irresponsible, uproarious humour of "Three Men in a Boat." The delineation of such a reality as the woman journalist, Miss Ramsbotham, or the pushful William Clodd, is on a different level—the humour is fuller, and the characters are drawn to the life and with no little subtlety.

The book, whose principal scenes are laid in those quaint and glamorous old courts that lie, or used to lie, in the neighbourhood of Chancery and Fetter Lanes, has a strong Dickensian atmosphere. Peter Hope himself is a delightful creation, with his dreamy tenderness and his shame of the sentimentality that he can never outgrow. Tommy, also, is imagined and developed with an effective cunning, and the shadow that is for a while over the story of her love for Dick Danvers makes the perfectly idyllic love of Miss Appleyard

* "Tommy and Co." By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

and young Grindley the more sunnily and whimsically charming by contrast. That past of Dick Danvers and its consequences make the only touch of tragedy that the stories have, and adds a depth to the deferred happiness that is the end of them.

You have only to forgive certain exaggerations—you can do it easily, because of the grotesque humour of them—and there is nothing else to forgive, nothing else in these stories that you cannot admire as well as enjoy.

"SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE."*

The second volume of the Collected Edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems contains "Songs before Sunrise" and "Songs of Two Nations." In other words, it represents the culminating splendour of the poet's great passion for political liberty. It is curious that the poetic cult of liberty was inspired by the Latin races rather than by the Teutons. Of course, the earliest conception of liberty may be found in Milton, but the Commonwealth established by Cromwell withered away, and the English people reverted to their monarchical ideal. It was not till after the French Revolution that the poetic cult of liberty was founded by Coleridge, Shelley, and Wordsworth. Mr. Swinburne took the flickering torch from Shelley and Landor, and he relumed it at the fire of Victor Hugo. The student of Mr. Swinburne's poetry who wishes to understand the enormous influence which Hugo exerted upon the young English singer, must not only read Mr. Swinburne's magnificent eulogies of Hugo, but he must also read Hugo's poems. The very title, "Songs before Sunrise," is an imitation of the title of Hugo's volume, "Les Chants du Crépuscule." Indeed, Mr. Swinburne has always taken immense pains to do honour to his archmaster among the poets, heeding not at all the danger of appearing unduly reverent or unconventionally loyal. Only a man of genius can afford to glorify a man of genius, and the greatest proof of Mr. Swinburne's power and originality is that he can take up a theme already handled by another great poet, and, by sheer force of his imaginative and metrical energy, reshape it and remould it, until it becomes his own.

Mr. Swinburne's mastery over words is seen at its highest development in these wonderful poems. The themes are singularly dull, and the ideas are terribly abstract. For the cult of liberty only becomes interesting when it is associated with particular human emotion. Mr. Swinburne, unlike Tennyson or Browning, does not seek for the anecdote to illustrate his theory. He sings the theory. It is an amazing feat to sing it at all. But to sing it as he sings it is an unparalleled tour de force. The truth is that the poet has a unique power to communicate emotion. He is, as I have said before on other occasions, a spiritual incendiary. Although you may not care two straws about republicanism and liberty, he infects you with his wild enthusiasm, and makes you ready to die for anything on the spot. It is the magic of the artist. He can arouse enthusiasm in others as well as in himself. His fine frenzy is contagious.

And I need hardly point out that the object of the enthusiasm, the target of the frenzy, may be at one time a king and at another time a king-killer, and that the poet may with equal sincerity glory in a monarchy and in a republic. Mr. Swinburne can chant pæans in praise of Cromwell, but he can also sing Jacobite songs, and while he glories in the man who cut off a Stuart's head, he can glow with ancestral devotion to that disastrous line. In short, the poet is an instrument for the great emotions. Life plays on him all its tunes.

How splendid these tunes are! Open this volume, and as you turn over the pages of the Prelude, you stumble upon a stanza which is the most perfect description of a Bacchic revel ever written:—

> "We, too, have tracked by star-proof trees
> The tempest of the Thyiades
> Scare the loud night on hills that hid
> The blood-feasts of the Bassarid,
> Heard their song's iron cadences
> Fright the wolf hungering from the kid,
> Outroar the lion-throated seas,
> Outchide the north wind if it chid,
> And hush the torrent-tongued ravines
> With thunders of their tambourines."

* "Collected Poems." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Vol. II. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

I have heard a giant of the older school of criticism, one who lived in the wonderful Bohemia of the mid-Victorian age, declaiming that stanza with flushed cheeks, booming voice, and eyes moist with emotion. Yes, that is something like poetry, and it is only a grain from the shore, a leaf from the forest. In such poems as "The Halt before Rome" the poet throws off casually an immortal felicity such as this:

> "Only her bosom to die on,
> Only her heart for a home."

"Hertha" is as subtle as Emerson's subtlest poems. It seems almost incredible that the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" should also have written this most profound piece of metaphysical mysticism:—

> "I the mark that is missed,
> And the arrows that miss,
> I the mouth that is kissed,
> And the breath in the kiss,
> The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is."

There is one thing which strikes me as I read once more these wonderful poems, namely, their simplicity. "Tiresias," which is one of Mr. Swinburne's finest poems, is written almost throughout in Saxon words of one or two syllables. How noble is the opening:—

> "It is an hour before the hour of dawn.
> Set in mine hand my staff and leave me here,
> Outside the hollow house that blind men fear,
> More blind than I who live on life withdrawn.
> And feel on eyes that see not but foresee
> The shadow of death that clothes Antigone."

In that perfect stanza there are only seven words which are not monosyllables, and they are dissyllables. And this is true of the whole series of poems, the finest lines being the simplest. "Cor Cordium," the sonnet on Shelley, contains what is perhaps Mr. Swinburne's finest verse:—

> "O heart whose beating blood was running song."

The tendency of our younger writers is towards elaboration and verbal preciosity. Latinism is the prevailing vice, and the iamb is often made up of one or two lumbering long words. A study of these poems would show our Latinisers the beauty of simple art.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

THE FAMILY EGOIST.*

First, a phrase or two which can be adapted for advertisement. This bold and rather cynical satire on a great English tradition—thus we set out—may be read after Thackeray, and as a prologue by no means wanting in resemblance to Mr. George Meredith. Written with undeniable skill—or, should we say, with ease and insolence?—it assails in the gayest mood Debrett's "Peerage," Sir Bernard Burke's "Baronetage," all the romance of our fine old landed gentry, wyverns, griffins, lions in every attitude, rampant or couchant, the very spelling and pronunciation of historic names. The author commends it to us in a (stilted?) speech before the footlights as among the masterpieces of irony, as "Olympian" art for art's sake. On turning it over, we find it to be the regular British sermon, a morality in six hundred pages, coloured with "frightful examples" whom the showman knocks about to his pan-pipe recitative, exactly as Pulcinello thrashes his wife and drubs the policeman. Every chapter proves a proposition in form. Incidents and accidents are so dovetailed by obvious joinery that we can count the pieces as they are put together. Yet Mr. Alfred Porter the critic, who is responsible for the literary department, begs of us not to imagine a moral. We have studied one at large in the never-to-be-forgotten "Egoist" of Mr. Meredith's great days. Here is the family Egoist. And is he only art for art's sake? Quite otherwise. If the moral dropped out, the whole story would collapse with it.

May we hint, without betraying, the situation? Wit, humour, philosophy, slang, and a tragic sense of the incongruous, are expended on Broke of Covenden, who is merely the man that came over with William Conqueror surviving down to our time. He survives, but in the age of Mr. Brefit the solicitor and money-grubber; Saul, Lord Salmon, Jew of Park Lane; Harry, Duke of Wimbledon, anæmic consumptive; Lord Bosket, M.F.H. and given to whisky-drinking; Lady Bosket, his wife, authoress appealing to culture in her own rank; the Honourable Mrs. Twysden-Cockshott, philan-

* "Broke of Covenden." By J. C. Snaith. (Constable and Co.)

thropist, independent married woman, who paints her face and is the victim of cocaine; and below these in the depths a Submerged Tenth. Given the pieces, to construct a little comedy with Broke as actor-manager—that is the exercise in art for art. How does it come off?

Balzac presents himself at this moment as master without a rival of inhuman tragedy, sustained, ignoble, suffocating. He would perhaps have blocked out the opening scenes which we applaud here; they are quite effective; but more briefly, with a concentrated malice. And he would never have relented until his victims were lying dead on the stage, nor yet then. Broke would be the fine old English gentleman to the last gasp, inexorably typical, as was Père Goriot of the monomaniac father. But he is all that, we may be told; he does not repent, he yields no inch of standing. Still, we reply, he should have been kept out of the final chapter, reconciled to none, left in the blood-red halo of his family pride. Broke is taken in hand by poetical justice, abhorrent to Balzac. All his previous displays, ironically perfect, are sacrificed to a sentimental "curtain," such as the British public adores. Was that well done? Mr. Alfred Porter, on reflection, shakes his head.

To be a little more explicit. Broke has six daughters, five ugly, all penniless; and one son in the Blues, a handsome, idle, brainless, self-regarding youth, on whose marriage it depends whether Covenden shall be sold and bankruptcy follow. He ought to marry Maud Wayling, an unhappy American millionairess, with beauty besides her millions, and in love with him. But there is innocent little Alice of Bond Street and Hampden Road North, who comes into the story. What happens in consequence I am not going to say. Alice charms and touches even the high gods who send summer-roses and storms to scatter their petals. For young Broke we care as slightly as for his kind in general. The real heroine is his mother, Jane Sophia Broke, moulded on Meredithean lines, a somewhat imaginary speaker, but interesting, unexpected, fit for well-bred comedy, and at last powerfully moving. Mrs. Broke will perhaps take honours as Mrs. Grundy at home. She is not ill-matched with Lord Bosket, who supplies the humorous ingredients of his whisky and soda drinkings, but falls into sheer farce when he has done the kindest action in the book. Our morality-player, quick at reproducing whatever is base, sordid, mean, stupid, and uncivilised, in the manners of to-day, is sometimes Hogarth or Leach; he prints a deal of slang, but nothing that will shock the proprieties. Had he cut and burnt, by Mr. Alfred Porter's advice, to the extent, say, of every other page, he would have gone near to creating a satirical "Broke, or the English Gentleman," which would be remembered as long as "The Fool of Quality," written by Broke's namesake.

WILLIAM BARRY.

SCOTLAND'S ANCIENT CAPITAL.*

One naturally thinks of Edinburgh in this connection, and it may sound strange to hear of Perth as the capital. Perth, however, appears to have held the honour till well on in the fifteenth century, when removal of the Parliament and Court to Edinburgh resulted in a formal recognition of that city as the capital. Edinburgh's prior memories are of singular interest, for it had been all along the chief town of the kingdom, if not officially acknowledged as such. So that it should not be supposed that Edinburgh only sprang to fame and importance on being made the capital. It is Perth's earlier associations with the Scottish crown and the Scottish Kirk which give it a high place in history. The Scottish sovereigns made it their principal residence from about A.D. 1200 to the founding of Holyrood House in James IV.'s reign. No fewer than fifteen Parliaments and an equal number of the great ecclesiastical Councils were held here. At Scone, close by—the most ancient regal seat in the kingdom, almost all the Scottish coronations took place. The poet-king, James I., was mercilessly hacked to death in the Blackfriars Monastery at Perth. Its County Buildings mark the site of Gowrie House, the scene of the famous Gowrie Conspiracy. Perth is said to have suffered from seven different sieges, and to have had its due share of skirmishings, with more serious encounters. It was a somewhat inflammatory sermon preached at Perth by John Knox which precipitated the Reformation "rascalities." Both Jacobite risings were closely allied to the town and county, and the culminating battle of Sheriffmuir was fought on its soil. Of all these, and very much more, Mr. Cowan's "Story of the Ancient Scottish Capital" is a fascinating and worthy record. Perth has been fortunate in its historian. Mr. Cowan's admirable monographs on the Gowrie Conspiracy and Casket Letters—noticed in these columns at the time—are guarantee of his qualifications for this fresh task. And that he has been "about forty years identified with the social and political life of the town, and has long given his attention to this subject," is another and perhaps stronger claim on readers of this History.

Perth, we are told, bore originally the Roman names of Victoria and Agricola. Afterwards the Picts, just Christianised, called it St. Johnstoun, from John the Baptist. Then it became Bertha, "the town at the mouth of the Tay," gradually softened into the modern appellation. The traditional shout of the Roman soldiers on their first sight of the sweeping river—"Ecce Tiber"—would be natural enough, and Scott's retort is worth recalling:

> "'Behold the Tiber!' the vain Roman cried,
> Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
> But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
> And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

Although the "scene of more historical events, and as having once been distinguished by more ancient monuments than any place of which we are aware," with the exception of St. John's Church, all—Castle, Mercat-cross, Parliament Hall, etc.—have long since disappeared. St. John's is still the chief ecclesiastical structure, sub-divided, like the Edinburgh St. Giles's once upon a time, to accommodate three congregations. Here Knox fired (not intentionally, let us believe) the "rascal multitude," driving them at once to the work of demolition. Of forty resplendent altars within the building, in a few hours not one remained. The four Perth monasteries were similarly ransacked and left utterly desolate. Mr. Cowan, by the way, mistakes the altar priests for knights. "Sir," used of the clergy, did not imply knighthood, but was merely equivalent to the modern "Rev." An exceedingly interesting portion of the work deals with the history of some of the older families—the Ruthvens of Gowrie, the Murrays, Erskines, Oliphants, Hays, Grahams, Grays, and Mercers (a leading mercantile family); whilst scattered throughout the pages are many extracts from Kirk Session, Town Council, and other Records, all which throw considerable light on the by-gone life of the community. Of special value is the article by Mr. Cowan's son-in-law, Professor Kennedy, of Edinburgh, on the monastic seals and Corporation arms, ancient and modern.

As to the Gowrie Conspiracy, Mr. Cowan's leanings are well known. He makes out a fairly good case for the Ruthvens, but may he not be just a little too enthusiastic in their behalf, and a little too condemnatory of the other side? Doubtless the Ruthvens were very popular with the Perthites, as became a family of such noble standing amongst them, and they were immensely rich, but that they were also singularly greedy of power, and had more than one grudge against the King, goes without saying. As to the real significance of the Conspiracy, no one can ever know—whether it was "a plot by a royal personage against a subject," as Mr. Cowan asserts, or the reverse. There are, it must be admitted, several circumstances which militate against James's own testimony with regard to the affair, and not a few of his subsequent proceedings. But the Ruthvens were "kittle cattle" too, and their hands had not hitherto been as clean as might be. Still, there is the possibility that neither king nor courtier was absolutely to blame for this mysteriously dark and rash business, and that a purely personal contention on the subject of the royal debt to Ruthven (somewhat considerable) may have brought about the unhappy result.

Perth, like every other place, has come under the spell of the Great Magician. Readers of the "Fair Maid"—Scott's "latest accents as the poet of the North," as Mr. Lang has it, will remember how well he describes the city as it was in Robert III.'s time, and the graphic account of the celebrated Clan battle on the North Inch in 1396. The "Fair Maid's House" is still pointed out in Curfew Row, and the yard in front, built over now, was the scene of the fictitious combat between the redoubtable "Hal o' the Wynd," and the black-

* "The Ancient Capital of Scotland; the Story of Perth from the Invasion of Agricola to the Passing of the Reform Bill." By Samuel Cowan, J.P. 2 vols., illustrated. 25s. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.)

guardly Bonthron. It should be added that these two volumes are copiously and excellently illustrated, and that the printing is from the author's own press, so well-known for its skill in the art. W. S. CROCKETT.

PROLEGOMENA TO THE STUDY OF GREEK RELIGION.*

Miss Harrison has long since earned distinction as a mythologist, and scholars will welcome this new fruit of her studies. Hitherto her work has been mainly on archæological lines, and she has made vase paintings her special province; but the present work goes deeper, goes, in fact, to the roots of religion, and follows the lines rather of folklore than of archæology. It is concerned with the investigation of the more primitive and barbarous elements which underlay the formal religion of Greece: magic, black and white, "sympathetic magic," agricultural ceremonies, sacrifices for fertility, scapegoats and substitution, demonology, the Mysteries, the development of the deity from its origins—such are the topics of Miss Harrison's latest work. In its various chapters, she has amassed a vast quantity of material, gathered from out-of-the-way sources, in particular the great army of scholiasts (whose value is hardly yet recognised by the student), and illustrated from her own particular field of vase-paintings, where she is an acknowledged authority. It would be impossible to review the whole of this wide field in the space at our disposal, but we will indicate one or two points of special interest.

First of all, the relation between the Olympian gods and the ghosts and demons is one which needs the most careful and acute analysis. We cannot say that Miss Harrison elucidates all obscure points in this relation, or, indeed, that she sees the problems quite clearly; but she does at any rate make clear that the Olympians did not always reign in Greece. Whether the classical religion was developed out of the barbaric cults of ghosts and demons, or superimposed upon it, or partly both, there is a vital distinction between the two cults, and it persisted throughout the classical age, and it is no small service to have shown this so clearly. Then again, what part did women play in ancient religion? The Greek women's festivals were always shrouded in mystery; but by aid of satirists and scholiasts we can discover enough about them to show their general character, and in particular that they were often intimately connected with ceremonies to ensure fertility of one kind or another. But the subject is wide, and late discoveries seem to indicate that the further back we go, the more important is women's part in religion. Further, orgiastic rites, such as those of Dionysus and Orpheus, with their strange combination of sensuality and mysticism, reveal a human tendency which has always been strong, and still is so. Prof. Gompertz has written well on the spiritual side of these rites, and we are glad to have Miss Harrison's study from another point of view. Incidentally to these topics, a number of curious ceremonials are fully described and discussed. There is the Bouphonia, with its ancient unbloody sacrifice, and the slaying of the ox which partook of the sacrifice, the mock trial, and condemnation of the axe and knife; the Pharmakos, or scape-man, who is burdened with famine, pestilence, or other ill-luck, and burnt or otherwise got rid of; the Arrhephoria, with its crude symbolism of reproductive power; ghosts as harpies or blood-avengers; and all these wild and savage rites were practised by contemporaries of Plato and Sophocles. It seems hardly credible, yet it is true, and such investigations help us to understand the complex character of Greek civilisation, at its best so much better than ours, and at its worst so ignorant and superstitious.

While grateful to Miss Harrison for her painstaking investigation, and the new light which she throws on old things, we cannot but admit that she has been somewhat overwhelmed by her material. The style is rambling and discursive, and it is easy to forget the main drift in the details. There is no doubt that the material might have been compressed and presented in a more easily intelligible form. But the book is important, and reflects credit on English research.

* "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion." By J. E. Harrison, Hon.D.Litt. (Durham), Hon. LL.D. (Aberdeen), Fellow and Lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge. (Cambridge University Press.)

Novel Notes.

THE GIVERS. By Mary Wilkins Freeman. 6s. (Harper Brothers.)

Mrs. Wilkins Freeman has a quality of allurement which is peculiarly her own. It is difficult to define, for other American writers have an equally finished simplicity of style. The author of "The Givers" adds to it an emotional power, a refined and subtle homeliness of affection which give grace to everything she touches. It is perhaps to a great extent her liking for simple-minded and plainly living men and women which attracts us, but it is even more the quiet intensity she flings into keeping anything uncomely or excessively violent out of her novels. To write of human creatures and not sooner or later introduce both sin and the sinner is practically impossible. But Mrs. Freeman deals with them as little as she can, seeming to be constantly arrested by gracious and touching personalities. When she does have to admit some black sheep into the fold, it is obviously painful for her to recognise absolute and genuine blackness, and they fade to a disarming greyness before one's eyes. In "The Givers," however, we have very few black sheep to deal with, but instead several of the elderly spinster ladies whom the writer represents with such comprehending tenderness. "The Reign of the Doll" is an almost perfect little study of two sisters, and the pathetic desire inherent in all women to love something, however unresponsive. "The Givers," which is the first of the series, is less sweet, but the touch of irony running through it adds a life-like element to the quaint scenes in the bare parlour of Sophia Lane's poverty-stricken dwelling. The book is essentially one to keep, because in its tranquillity and kindliness the feelings are never harrowed. Many novels actually more brilliant are impossible to read a second time. Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's would be a renewed pleasure on every fresh occasion.

THE SNOB. By Walter Emanuel. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

Mr. Walter Emanuel, who is doing brilliant work in these days as a contributor to *Punch*, has followed up that most popular of his books, "A Dog Day," with one of a similar kind, "The Snob," that is already proving equally successful. "The Snob" is a small, conceited Skye terrier, with a painfully acute sense of his own dignity, and a tail so ridiculously long that he is ashamed of it. He is humbly born in the country, but being brought to London is adopted into a nobleman's family, and becomes the especial property and pet of the nobleman's little daughter Sybil. His rise in the world makes him anxious to forget his parents, he develops aristocratic habits, and proceeds to look down on the cats and servants of the household, and on the less pampered dogs of the neighbourhood. Amongst other wrongs that wound his self-importance is the fact that Sybil insists on calling him by the absurd pet-name of "Fluffkins." The whole story of his life in high society, of his declining upon a certain shabby-genteel friend, who goads him into asserting himself at home in ways that bring about his downfall; his subsequent adventures and hand-to-mouth existence under the roofs of impecunious masters who have no servants to attend upon him, and no luxuries for him to eat, his narrow escape from an ignominious death, and his final restoration to the loftier life from which he had been banished—it is all told briskly, brightly, and with that sly and occasionally subacid flippancy that are characteristic of Mr. Emanuel's quaintly satirical humour. It is a unique and delightfully amsing book, the drollery of which is admirably interpreted in numerous coloured illustrations by Mr. Cecil Aldin.

THE MAKING OF A MAN. By E. H. Lacon Watson. 6s. (Brown, Langham.)

Mr. Lacon Watson's new novel is concerned with the making of at least one man and the unmaking of two. The man who is made is Jack Sugden, the son of a kindly and delightfully whimsical country parson; he goes to London to study for the bar on such small allowance as his father can manage to scrape together for him, and when his father is overtaken by misfortunes that will not permit of his continuing his generosity, Jack, having plenty of pluck, and being inspiringly in love, contrives to struggle through to

success almost unaided. The end, which puts an end to the only two unpleasant persons in the book, Dr. Henderson and the insufferable poet, March, is rather too violent and melodramatic, otherwise the characterisation is excellent, and the story is told reticently, with a quiet realism, and is full of interest. Mr. Lacon Watson has an easy, lucid style that makes admirable reading.

THE MASTER HOPE. By Phyllis Bottome. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Despite a melodramatic over-colouring of certain of its phases, notably those in which either Lady Chester, the hypnotic doctor Arthur Field, or the unfortunate little Dora are made to figure, "The Master Hope" is a clever and entertaining story. Daphne's love for Field, and her continuing to tolerate his attentions after she had learned that he is married, and his wife still living, is no unnatural development, but its treatment here is rather perfunctory and unconvincing. There is much of high life in the novel, and the vulgarities of high life, but in the main it is a strong and thoroughly wholesome story, with some good characterisation and an ideally happy ending.

HOW TYSON CAME HOME. By William H. Rideing. 6s. (Lane.)

Tyson went to America as a penniless boy, and having made a fortune by the time he is thirty, he is resolved to go "home" on a visit. He sees England and the people of the old country in the magic light of his dream; and as a consequence, when he does return, he is a little disillusioned and disappointed. The towns are more squalid than he had thought, and the people more mercenary. His immense wealth is a ready passport for him wherever he goes, but too often he finds there is a mean self-interest underlying the welcomes that are given to him. He is constantly pestered for "tips" as to the advisibility of making investments in the successful mining venture of which he is the principal shareholder; and except for sweet Mary Leigh, and her quaint, absent-minded old father, the Bishop, he meets with few who are so simple and undesigning as himself. His absorbing love of Mary augurs ill for the happiness of Nona, the winsomely breezy and unorthodox girl he had left behind him in America. Nona had loved him frankly for many years, though she knew he cared for her only as a friend. Yet in the end, when the machinations of a rascally financier have brought him near to ruin, when he has found the sister whom he had left in the workhouse on his emigrating to America, and has rescued her from shame and servitude, it is to Nona he goes back after all. The story is well constructed and written interestingly, and with considerable narrative skill.

THE HEART OF THE VICAR. By Hugh Tuite. 6s. (John Long.)

When a clergyman, holding strong views not only on the celibacy of the clergy, but on the immorality of divorce, chances to fall in love with a charming stranger in his parish, who turns out to be the divorced wife, and not the widow, of his scapegrace cousin, complications are as obvious as thorns upon a bramble-bush. Mr. Tuite employs them dexterously enough, and the result is a pleasant, interesting story, dashed at the close by a somewhat gratuitous piece of tragedy. The best things in the book are the description of a *nouveau riche* attempting to scale the social ladder, and the sketch of a faithful servant. The latter bursts out at one point with the cry, "I know something about the ministry, mostly Hevangelists, but I don't know if the 'Igh Church lot ain't worse when it comes to gassing. Thrupenny bits and gas, and more gas than thrupenny bits—that's a clergyman, or most of them." The Rev. Peter Falconbridge, however, is better than his class. He proves himself to have a heart, and the proof of it makes a brisk tale.

THE DUKE'S JEST. By L. A. Talbot. 3s. 6d. (Harper and Brothers.)

Rupert of Hentzau and Prince Otto seem still to fascinate young authors. This slight, bright story has echoes of these dashing youths, and should therefore appeal to readers who are not yet surfeited with Continental fantasies of explosive little realms. A German governess, on a cycling tour in the vacation, saves the life of a captive Prince by marrying him—this condition being the jest of a savage Duke, who subsequently attempts to murder the harum-scarum youth by the poisoned kisses of a girl in his employ. How the governess is summoned from England to save her *ci-devant* spouse, how he and his cousin head a revolt against the Duke, and how the marriage becomes a reality, the reader must be left to discover for himself or herself.

The Bookman's Table.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D., etc. Edited from the Author's MSS. by S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. 12s. (T. and T. Clark.)

This volume may be said to contain the essence and strength of the whole work of one whom the best j[illegible]es have pronounced to be a leader in Old Testament lea[illegible]g. In future years it will probably stand out as the most conspicuous monument of a life wholly devoted to this department of study. It worthily represents the International Theological Library, and touches the high water mark [illegible] that useful series. Although a posthumous wor[illegible] less from this cause than might have been expec[illegible] editing has been lovingly, carefully, and intellige[illegible] done by Dr. Salmond. Such iteration as remains co[illegible] carcely be avoided, and almost necessarily results from t[illegible] fact that the entire material had been used in lecturing to a class, and had been frequently revised or rewritten. The work falls into four closely connected parts, and in these are discussed the doctrine of God, of Man, of Redemption, and of the Last Things. The lectures proceed upon the critical arrangement of the books, and the light that is shed from this recently ascertained order is sometimes very instructive. Some other modern ideas, such as that of evolution, though having a very direct bearing on theology, are left out of consideration at points where one might expect and desire that attention should be paid to them. The doctrine of sin and the doctrine of man are alike liable to be greatly modified by the tenets of science. But throughout the volume the reader feels that he is in the hands of a thinker of unusual insight and of thoroughly sound judgment. Here and there occur passages of great beauty and significance, and if the word "perhaps" is too much of a favourite with the author, material for decision is usually ample. If the horse suddenly refuses, the rider goes over the fence. Probably the chapters on the last things have been written with greater gusto than the rest. In them we see more characteristic manifestations of the author's genius, his accuracy, his caution, his penetration, his imagination, his easy grasp of the whole material at his disposal, the reverence which saves him from ever forgetting that in theology he is dealing as a person with persons, and their rights and interests. In this book English-speaking students possess a work which makes them independent of German guidance in this department of learning, and which in some of its most characteristic features surpasses the best work produced by Continental scholars.

HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONS OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (1733-1900). By Robert Small, D.D. 12s. 6d. (D. M. Small.)

Dr. Robert Small, of Edinburgh, has just published the first volume of the above History, a work which he has had on hand for the last thirteen years. Of primary importance to the original U.P. denomination (now merged in the United Free Church) the History should receive a welcome from all who take an interest in Scottish Church affairs. Thirty years have passed since the issue of Mackelvie's "Annals," on which the present work is based, and Dr. Small's name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence and thoroughness of the new undertaking. Certainly no man is better qualified [illegible]ry on the historical succession of Mackelvie and other workers in the same field. Dr. Small has been as resolute and indefatigable as "Fasti" Scott himself, and to have brought together such a wealth of information as is contained within these 732 closely-printed pages is a truly marvellous feat. His treasures are drawn from every conceivable source, the utilisation of first-hand authorities being specially noteworthy. The work may therefore be regarded as practically the last word that need be said on the subject. Of the fourteen Presbyteries, including that of Edinburgh, dealt with in Vol. I., the record is a rich mine of ecclesiastical facts, which

must prove of enormous advantage to all subsequent investigators. We look forward hopefully to Volume II.—the completion of a task which will fitly crown the venerable author's career, and by which his name will be remembered for many a day. The strain of writing a History such as this must have been exceeding, and with the end of it so soon in sight the author may rest satisfied that he has been privileged to achieve a really monumental work for the Church he has so long and faithfully served. If only some other annalist, gifted with like care and skill, furnished us with the story of the Free Church Congregations, the book would find a welcome place on our shelves, while for a revised, up-to-date "Fasti" of the Church of Scotland, the hour has certainly come, but not—as yet—the man.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE. By Paul du Chaillu. 6s. (Murray.)

This account of West jungle life will delight every healthy-minded boy, and will also be read with pleasure by older persons who have a liking for anecdotes of animal life. various of Ndova the monkey, and Andekko the dog are material to them.

CLIMBS AND EXPLORATIONS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By H. E. M. Stutfield and J. Norman Collie. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway has opened up the Rockies to mountaineers and big game hunters, though prior thereto anyone wishing to visit them would have been compelled to spend at least three months on the way. Even now, in spite of the rapid means of transit, there seems to have been very little advantage taken of this easy road to the actual edge of the unexplored. The authors of this book have taken the initiative, and have broken much new ground. They have made several new ascents, and crossed several new passes. Their book is an extremely interesting record of their achievements, and is free from the strain of egoism, which so often disfigures climbing books.

THE ALIENATED CROWN. By Thomas G. Selby. 4s. 6d. net. (James Robinson, Manchester.)

Among preachers Mr. Selby has long held a foremost place. Close and wide observation of human nature, profound interest in national and social movements, clearness and firmness of judgment, and especially a vivifying imagination, enable him to handle religious subjects in a manner that commands attention. Since he published his first volume of sermons, now many years ago, his style has slightly altered for the better. As abundant and apt in illustration as ever, he now presents his material in a more chastened form. In this and other features of this new volume we would fain see confirmation of a remark he drops in one of his sermons: "The most significant part of our work lies in its closing stages. . . The discipline and experience of thirty, forty, or fifty years, should surely help to produce some transcendent fruit before death cuts us down." Preachers do not always improve, or give us their best wine last; but there are sermons in this volume which Mr. Selby has never surpassed. We would instance one on "The Culmination of Guilt," as not only of true and impressive eloquence, but also of rare discernment.

THE UNITED STATES IN OUR OWN TIME. By E. Benjamin Andrews. 16s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

An enterprising publisher has recently announced of certain new books that their daintiness is such that "eight go to the pound." Mr. Andrews' book is a weightier matter. It contains nearly a thousand pages, and it weighs nearly five pounds. The entire scale of the book is tremendous, and to review it here as impossible as to appraise and digest a year's file of the *Times*. The work aims at being an exhaustive history of the United States from 1870 to the present time, but it seems to us that the author's ambition has overleaped itself. As there is no parallel to the book in British history, it is difficult to describe it, but if the reader can imagine McCarthy's History supplemented with chapters describing minutely every industrial strike that took place in England during thirty years, and every town council election in the United Kingdom during the same period—with portraits excellently reproduced of every single striker and every defeated town councillor—then he will have some faint idea of the magnitude of Mr. Andrews' task.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

British Salt-water Fishes (12s. 6d.), by F. G. Aflalo, the latest addition to the superb Woburn Series of Natural History, is in every way worthy of its predecessors in the series. The generous scale on which these books are planned and the thoroughness with which the design is carried out make them indispensable to the natural historian. So exhaustive and magnificent a series needs no commendation, but a special word of praise is due to the excellent illustrations in colour.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

In spite of his voluminous writing, Mr. Joseph Hocking continues to maintain an astonishingly high level of general excellence. **The Coming of the King** (3s. 6d.), which, as it has already been published several weeks, we hesitate to call his latest novel, is in his best style, sound, vigorous, and unassuming work. The plot, which is ingenious and well worked out, is based on the story, familiar to most students of history, of the marriage of Charles II. with Lucy Walters, an excellent theme, to which Mr. Hocking has done full justice. The hero's efforts to obtain the black box containing the mythical marriage contract give him full scope for his peerless swordsmanship, and abundance of those hairbreadth escapes without which the mightiest hero would degenerate into a mere ordinary man.

In **The Rival Millionaires** (3s. 6d.) Mr. Lewin Fitzhamon has wisely abandoned all ordinary standards of probability, and given his imagination full play. The result is a breathless story, full of wild and magnificent impossibilities. Once let the reader stop to ask a single question and the illusion is gone; but luckily Mr. Fitzhamon gives him no chance, and rushes him on till he is left gasping at the last page.

From the amazing ways of American millionaires we turn for a change to **Held in the Toils** (3s. 6d.), by J. K. Leys, only to find ourselves in an atmosphere of murder and mystery. If Mr. Leys is to be believed, the dulness of suburban life has been grossly exaggerated, and the empty house plastered with the blazonry of the local house agent, which looks so commonplace to the casual passer-by, is as likely as not a hot bed of nihilism. It is not fair to Mr. Leys to explain his plot; it is enough to say that the hero, after finding himself guilty of manslaughter under highly compromising circumstances in the first chapter, goes through enough adventures in a few months to last most heroes a lifetime. Mr. Leys handles the most complicated situation at once deftly and boldly.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

The Life and Letters of Edward Byles Cowell (12s. 6d. net), by George Cowell, is a fitting tribute to the charm and learning of one of the most erudite scholars whom Oxford has ever given to the sister University. The late Professor Cowell was perhaps not widely known, indeed Sanscrit professors rarely are, but in academic circles there must be many who will be glad to have some memorial of the man of whom Fitzgerald wrote, "the most learned there (in Cambridge), I believe, and the most amiable and delightful, I believe also." Perhaps, however, the truest verdict on Cowell is to be found in his own confession: "I have not the originality which makes a man produce great books—my work is influencing others and setting them to work." The editorial work is well done, though the book might with advantage have been shorter, a criticism which applies to almost all biographies.

The Woman Errant (6s.), by the author of "People of the Whirlpool," is a graceful and in some ways novel variation upon the old theme of the woman who tries to go her own way uninfluenced by man. The story itself is of the slightest, but the style is bright and vigorous, and the book is full of shrewd and happy touches. The author has a keen and delicate perception of the niceties of character.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

In the Freemasonry of literature there is no distinction of sex, and we have no hesitation in describing Miss Florence Warden as a "past-mistress" in the gentle art of weaving mysteries. **Tom Dawson** (6s.), her latest triumph, is likely to puzzle the most expert novel reader. It is one of those books in which, to borrow an Irish expression, "everybody is somebody else," and from the murder at the beginning to the sudden death at the end the reader is allowed little breathing space. "Exciting" is too tame an epithet to apply to this most dexterous piece of sensationalism.

MR. JOHN LONG.

In these days the "young person" is allowed to read much that would have shocked more liberal censors than Pecksniff, but there are still many people who are old-fashioned enough to welcome a writer whose books may be placed without hesitation in the hand of an unsophisticated schoolgirl, if such a person still exists. Miss Sarah Tytler's name is in itself a guarantee of pure, wholesome fiction, and her latest novel, **Hearts are Trumps** (6s.), will not disappoint her numerous admirers. In point of construction this is one of the best books Miss Tytler has written. It is a tale of domesticity not by any means dull, and it is full of quiet humour and genuine observation.

MR. C. H. KELLY.

Walford Green, D.D., Memoir and Sermons (6s.) is an excellent and unpretentious record of the life of one of the most prominent and useful members of the Wesleyan body. To a straightforward and admirably brief memoir of the late Dr. Green by his son, Mr. W. D. Green, M.P., is added an obituary notice from the pen of the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, and a collection of the most important of Dr. Green's sermons. This is a model of what the biography of such a man should be.

MR. JOHN LANE.

The ignorance of the man in the street is proverbial, but it is doubtful if there is any subject on which his ignorance is more exhaustive than Morocco. **The Truth about Morocco** (7s. 6d. net), by M. Aflalo, could not have appeared at a more opportune time, and the force of Mr. Aflalo's book is much increased by the fact that it was nearly all written before the publication of the recent Anglo-French Agreement. Mr. Aflalo is a specialist, and like all specialists is apt to take a rather one-sided view. Still his view is one which requires to be taken into consideration, and has hitherto been in danger of being overlooked. The book is enriched by a wholly delightful and characteristic introduction by Mr. Cunninghame Graham.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

At the Back of the World, (6s.), by Mrs. L. T. Meade, is a pleasant and brightly-written story of Irish life, the story of a love affair which comes as near to being a tragedy as need be. Indeed, it calls for all the cunning of Mrs. Meade's practised pen to avert disaster, and secure the necessary happy ending. The course of true love never did run smooth, but the fate of a hero who starts by causing accidentally the death of the father of his lady-love, is harder than the lot which falls to most lovers. However, all comes right at last, although it would be unfair to say how this delectable end is achieved.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.

National Humour (3s. 6d.), by David Macrae, is a collection of good stories, many of them venerable enough, illustrative of the humour of the various English-speaking races. The book is full of "chestnuts," but the oldest chestnut is sure to be fresh to some, and every reader will find some stories that are new to him. After all, has it not been said that all really good jokes have been made before? Like Mr. Macrae's earlier compilation, this is indeed "a feast of fun."

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Reprints and New Editions.

The History of Tom Jones and **The Adventures of Roderick Random**, which are the first volumes in the Classic Novels Series announced by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., are now ready. This interesting series will contain works by Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Sterne, Le Sage, etc., all of them illustrated by reproductions from the spirited etchings of George Cruikshank. The publishers claim that the books are the handiest, cheapest, and most attractive ever offered to the public, and, to judge from the appearance of the volumes before us, their claim appears to be perfectly justified.

Two timely reprints have been received from Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., the late Sir H. M. Stanley's **In Darkest Africa** (6s.) and **How I Found Livingstone** (6s.). In Stanley, almost the last survivor of the gallant little band who found Emin Pasha, the last of the great African travellers passed away. Indeed, so little of the world now remains unexplored that it is questionable if there ever can be a great traveller of this type again. Stanley had an advantage over many other famous explorers in being a trained journalist, and these two volumes, plentifully illustrated, form a wonderfully cheap reprint of two established classics of travel, the interest of which will be deepened and not lessened by our increasing knowledge of the Dark Continent.

Good books never have been, and are hardly likely ever to be cheaper than they are to-day, but among a multitude of cheap editions there is nothing to equal the new Florin Series of Oxford Editions of poetry and prose. The first of these, **Byron** (2s.), (Henry Frowde), is a miracle of cheap and good printing, and the series promises to include the standard English poets, and such prose works as Boswell's "Johnson." But it is superfluous to praise the printing of the famous Oxford Press.

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No better moment than the present could have been chosen for a new edition of Captain Eardley-Wilmot's **Our Navy** (6s.), a concise but adequate history which should be invaluable at a time when the man in the street is perforce more or less of a "naval expert." The publishers are Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

From Mr. Grant Richards we have received **The Last of the Mohicans** (1s.), by Fenimore Cooper, another of the admirable "Boys' Classics." Fenimore Cooper perhaps is hardly wearing as well as some of the other standard writers of boys' books, but there must still be many who will welcome so handy and inexpensive an edition of his most famous story.

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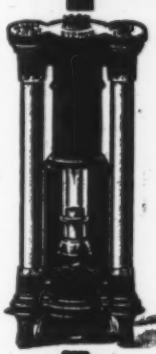

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